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Events of the Week.

THE news from the Western front is all of it encouraging, and almost brilliant. The French continue to make progress against the German wedge, whose apex is St. Mihiel, "nibbling" by large mouthfuls at both its sides, and threatening the two railways from Metz which supply it. The salient news of the week is, for us, the capture of an important position near Ypres. "Hill 60" was not the main German artillery position in this region, which is the big hill, three miles to the rear, at Zandpoudre. But it is an important and dominating height in this relatively flat country. It had been patiently sapped by our engineers, and on Saturday evening they fired off their mine. The enemy was taken by surprise, and, after some bombardment, the hill was captured without much difficulty. Repeated and determined counter-attacks have failed to recover it. Some of these assaults were repulsed by machine-gun fire, which caught the Germans in close marching order and mowed them down, but others were pressed with the bayonet right up to our trenches. Our losses have been considerable, but are much inferior to those of the enemy, which are estimated between three and four thousand men.

THERE is little fresh news from the Carpathians this week, though the Russian advance in the centre of the long eighty-mile line. Both sides express the utmost confidence, but the indisputable fact is that the Russians are now advancing through the minor ranges on the

southern slope, in front of the Rostoki Pass. On the other hand, the Austro-Germans still hold the Uzsoek Pass in great strength, and their flanking movement from East Galicia in the Stry direction has yet to be met. In a review of the month's operations, the Grand Duke Nicholas explains his plan of operations. He used his command of the Dukla Pass only to effect a diversion towards Bartfeld. The main attack was on the central Lupkow and Rostoki Passes. Here the enemy numbered 300 battalions, and this immense force has been steadily driven back, with a loss of 70,000 prisoners. The references to the melting of the snows and the flooding of the mountain streams imply that this rapid progress may be somewhat delayed. It is conceivable that the Austro-Germans are reserving their main defence for continuous prepared lines on the lower slopes, which could be more easily organized on the plan of the lines in Flanders and Poland than any isolated positions in the mountains could possibly be. The decision in this campaign will come at the moment when the Russians debouch from the passes.

By the round-about channel of German telegrams, the news is published that the landing of some part of the Dardanelles Expeditionary Force has now begun. The point chosen is Enos, the tenth-rate port at the mouth of the Maritsa. From Enos the Anglo-French army will have to march over some sixty or seventy miles of none too easy country, to the head of the Gulf of Saros, and will then have to take the lines of Bulair from the east. These lines were attacked in force by the Bulgarians in the last war, and though the attack was triumphant outside them, it never managed to carry them. On the other hand, the aid of the ships' guns improves our chances, for the Bulgars had no help from the sea; but it is also to be remembered that the Turks then had no German leaders. The German telegrams put the Allied forces at 150,000 men. Lemnos, in spite of its bad water supply, is still being used as an advanced base; but the main base is Alexandria, where General Ian Hamilton, who is in supreme command, has reviewed the French colonial troops under General d'Amade. There are still rumors that a Russian force will operate in Thrace, while the Western Allies are attacking the Peninsula of Gallipoli.

DESULTORY naval operations continue at the Dardanelles and in the Gulf of Saros, but the news is fragmentary. A submarine, E15, which had approached the mine-field at the mouth of the Narrows, ran aground. Her crew were, for the most part, saved, and taken prisoners by the Turks. Two picket-boats were afterwards sent to blow her up, lest she should fall into the hands of the Turks, a task which they accomplished with great gallantry under heavy fire. The censorship is not to be congratulated on the unintelligible official narrative of the mishap which befell the transport "Manitou," carrying British troops, in the Aegean. A Turkish destroyer, which in some mysterious way had escaped the vigilance of our squadron, contrived to attack her. It fired three torpedoes, all of which, it is said, missed her. Her boats were none the less lowered, and two capsized, causing the loss of fifty-one men. It appears from an

answer given in the Commons that the destroyer held up the transport, giving her crew eight minutes to abandon her. The Turkish destroyer was pursued, but escaped safely to Chios, where her crew were interned by the Greeks.

THE Turks, who have been content so long with a nearly passive attitude on the frontiers of the Caucasus and of Egypt, have lately shown considerable activity against the Anglo-Indian force (rather more than a corps) in Mesopotamia. Engagements were fought near Kurna, at Ahwaz in Persia (where the Admiralty's oil pipe line is the object of attack), and at Shaiba, near Basra. The last was the most serious affair, and an attack at this point suggests that our hold on the country is somewhat precarious, save perhaps in the neighborhood of the river. The Turks, about 10,000 strong, were assisted by an equal number of Arab tribesmen, whose loyalty to the Turks has somewhat disappointed our calculations. Happily they were badly beaten. The enemy are thought to have lost about 6,000 men, with large stores of munitions. Our casualties, however, were relatively serious, especially in officers, and we have now lost over 700 men in this Mesopotamian diversion. In reply to Lord Cromer, Lord Crewe wisely said that the question of the succession to the Caliphate must be left to Moslem opinion, by which he suggested that our action would be guided. He seemed to imply that this office has passed from the House of Othman.

THE Prime Minister has visited Tyneside this week, speaking at a great meeting in Newcastle on Tuesday, and inspecting some of the more important armament establishments the next day. The trade unionists of the district had suggested this visit in their historical telegram, and the demonstrations of welcome and unity were of a most imposing character. The spokesman for the workmen said at the close of the meeting that Mr. Asquith had once used a phrase that had become proverbial, "Wait and see." The workmen when asked to redouble their efforts to turn out shells and explosives returned the answer, "Wait and hear." The tone of the meeting, which was preceded by an exchange of views between the Prime Minister and the Armaments Committee, recalled the sentence of the men's telegram, which deprecated abuse of Government, of employers, or of workmen. Mr. Asquith himself blamed nobody. He was full of praise for the unsparing exertions of all concerned in the production of war material.

MR. ASQUITH, though his speech was more reassuring and sanguine than some recent utterances, described the need of munitions as urgent, and he traced this to the rate at which ammunition was spent—a rate that had falsified all estimates—and to the shortage of skilled labor due to enlistment. He gave the number of miners who had enlisted at 217,000, nearly 50 per cent. of the miners of military age. To give full effect to the resources of the country, employers, workmen, and the State must all sacrifice something. For the employers there must be limitation of profits; the workmen must consent to some relaxation of trade-union rules; and the State must pay compensation in cases where firms were the losers through no fault of their own. Mr. Asquith combated the suggestion that the Government had been wanting in foresight. They had appointed a Committee last September, of which Lord Kitchener had been Chairman, to survey the resources of the nation and to consider how best to use and to organize them. There was much for local com-

mittees, like the Newcastle Committee, to do in the way of making arrangements for obtaining labor and finding housing accommodation.

At the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Asquith made a striking appeal for concentration on military and naval work. In this connection a statement of great importance was made by Mr. John Hill, of the Boilermakers' Society, in the "Daily Citizen" last Tuesday, by way of criticism on the facts and figures submitted to Mr. Lloyd George by the shipbuilders. Mr. John Hill alleges that there are employers who are refusing to allow men to be transferred to war work from private work. "The Shipbuilding Employers' Federation have in their employment sufficient men of all trades to man every job on every warship, men whom they could depend on to work till they fell down from sheer exhaustion." Mr. Hill pointed out in the course of his statement that the employers had not made sufficient allowance for the number of men of poor physique and irregular habits who had taken the place of good workers who had enlisted, and he disclosed the very interesting fact that the men had made arrangements with the employers for trying and punishing men accused of wanton slackness. Mr. Hill expressed the hope that Mr. Lloyd George would not present the shipbuilders' version to Parliament without asking for the workmen's case, and nobody can read his statement without recognizing the danger of forming conclusions on a one-sided account of the facts.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech was followed by a series of interesting disclosures in the House of Commons. Speaking on a motion of Mr. Hewins, calling for a "unified administration" under Government of all firms able to produce munitions of war, Mr. Lloyd George properly took the House into the Government's confidence and told them, on Lord Kitchener's authority, how, in the main, the situation lay. The change of tone is admirable, and comes none too soon. He first explained the great expansion of our forces at the front. They had grown in eight months from six to thirty-six divisions. This would point to a force of between 600,000 and 700,000. We presume that it is not all concentrated in France, and that it includes the troops serving in Egypt and the Dardanelles. The capacity to supply these forces had also been enormously enlarged. We suppose that we started with between twenty and thirty armament firms. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that (including sub-contractors) the number of supplying agencies had reached 3,000, while the output of artillery ammunition had increased about nineteen-fold (from 20 in September to 388 in March). This had relieved our own anxiety, and enabled us to help our Allies. But though the deficiencies of the moment had been met, the needs of the future (both in the matter of shells and the sudden demand for high explosives) had to be provided for; so that some such organization as Mr. Hewins asked for became necessary.

THE Chancellor described with much skill the way in which the Government had dealt with the tremendous emergency of this war of siege and shells. First, they had relied on the armament firms; then, finding that the expenditure of ammunition was going to be absolutely abnormal, and had surprised all of the combatants, they had turned to sub-contracting and to the Labor Exchanges; next they took over the engineering works they wanted, and now, finally, there is to be a co-ordinated administration of the entire body of supply. Mr. Bonar

Law, whose speeches on the war are never factious and always practical, spoke with his usual good sense and suggestiveness. He praised the Government's energy, but remarked that we had not yet approached the French power of reorganization. France, organizing her output by departments, had increased it, not nineteen-fold, but thirty-fold. He said, with great shrewdness, of the Committee on Munitions, that it was not a true co-ordination of work, for it had no apparent relationship with the War Office Committee, and might therefore turn out to be a mere fishing body. The true principle would have been to have a War Office Committee and an Admiralty Committee, and a co-ordinating committee to prevent competition between the two departments.

THE Conference of Miners to discuss the policy to be pursued in reference to the demand for a war bonus in the form of a 20 per cent. advance on the present rate of wages, assembled on Wednesday. Mr. Smellie presided over 162 delegates, representing some 850,000 miners. Of the delegates, thirty-six represented South Wales, thirty-one Scotland, sixteen Durham, and thirteen the Midland Federation. After the morning's proceedings, an invitation was received from Mr. Runciman, who urged the Conference to send a representative deputation to meet him in the afternoon. The Conference appointed the Executive Committee of the Federation for that purpose, and an interview was held at the Board of Trade that afternoon. Next morning the Executive reported the results of their conversation with Mr. Runciman, and the Conference then passed a resolution, asking the Government, as the coal-owners refused to agree to the men's proposal for a National Conference on the question of a 20 per cent. advance, to call such a conference. This seems to us the only adequate way of dealing with so serious a crisis. The Conference was adjourned for a day for the answer.

THE tranquillity of India, and the chivalrous loyalty of all its more conscious and enlightened elements, are still among our chief subjects for congratulation in this war. But some local embarrassments were inevitable. A frontier raid near the Khaibar Pass, by about 4,000 men of the turbulent Mohmand tribe was defeated last Sunday by the Peshawar movable column, and the tribesmen have retired to their hills and dispersed. Their losses were about 150, and ours about 70. Most of the Mullahs on the frontier remained loyal, and restrained their tribes, while the Afghan officials kept the Afghan Mohmands from joining their fellows. It is not known whether this raid was due to German or Turkish instigation, as the mutiny at Singapore certainly was.

THE rumors, which came originally from Peking, that Japan was preparing to send a large force to China, have now been confirmed with full details in telegrams from Tokio. These "reliefs" to the Japanese garrisons already in Manchuria and at Tsingtau, are on so large a scale that they suggest a design to enforce the Japanese demands on China by arms. In reply to a question by Mr. Molteno, Sir Edward Grey declined to divulge his attitude towards these Japanese demands, but he did very significantly affirm his adherence to our Treaty with Japan which guaranteed the integrity and independence of China, and laid down the principle of equality of opportunity for trade. These demands amount to a scarcely-veiled Japanese suzerainty over China as a whole, and to the fencing off as Japanese spheres of influence of all Manchuria, Eastern Mongolia, and Fukien, not to mention Tsingtau, which is now a

Japanese colony. We hope the protests which have probably been made in London will influence Japan in time.

THE Bernstorff Note to the United States has been answered in the only possible way. Its tone is censured with quiet severity. "I regret to say," writes Mr. Bryan, or, as some say, the President himself, "that the language of your Memorandum is susceptible of being construed as impugning the good faith of the United States." Its substantial plea—that the American Government should stop the export of arms to the Allies—is shattered by the retort that the placing of an embargo would be "a direct violation of the neutrality of the United States." It is, therefore, "out of the question" for the Government to consider such a course. What other reply could Germany expect? America exports no arms to the Allies. Certain of her private citizens do so. They are equally free to export them to Germany. But the Allied fleets stop the way. If Germany wants American arms, she must first obtain the mastery of the seas.

THE publication of the memorandum in which M. Venezelos argued for the participation of Greece in the campaign of the Entente Powers against Turkey, reveals the large outlook of one of the few statesmen whom Europe possesses. He points out that while intervention may involve "great dangers," to refrain from intervention, and to risk a German-Austrian-Turkish victory is merely suicidal. If Austria overran Serbia, she would not fail to go on to Salonica. Worse still, if Turkey is triumphant, the crushing and expulsion of the Greek population from Asia Minor would be inevitable. It may go against the grain to compensate Bulgaria, but in the event of an Austrian victory she would receive far more than M. Venezelos proposes to give her. Abstention might mean the isolation of Greece in the East, while intervention would reconstitute Balkan unity. To all these arguments must be added the prospect of winning a territory in Asia splendid beyond the wildest dreams of Greek ambition. More spacious and compelling reasoning we have rarely seen in a political document. It is worth noting also that M. Venezelos proposed to deal with the whole tangle of racial minorities in the Balkans, by means of an international commission which would promote their emigration by arranging for the fair sale or exchange of their lands.

No satisfactory answer has been given to the complaints of the fining under the Defence of the Realm Act of Mr. Dyson, the Portland reporter who sent some military news to a local journal. His editor was also fined. What was the offence? No improper motive was alleged. Why, then, was the reporter made to bear a responsibility which belonged to his editor? He collected news, and sent it to his paper, leaving it to his chief to fulfil his usual function of deciding on its value and propriety. Another serious grievance, fully examined in Mr. Hamer's letter in the "Times," is the fact that the legally controlled authority which issues instructions to newspapers as to how they may deal with specific news is not the authority which decides whether these instructions have been carried out. Prosecutions under the Act are carried out by the local military authority, who act independently of the Press Bureau. That body is unintelligent enough, but at least it has a lawyer at the head of it. Why does not he control and standardize the interpretation of the Act? Sir Stanley Buckmaster gave no answer to this point. But while it holds good, the freedom of the journalist is in the hands of any fussy major.

Politics and Affairs.

MORAL AND MATERIAL.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech at Newcastle seems to us to achieve the right way of approach to the people of this country, as well as to the workers with whom it was specially concerned. We have elected to go through with this war on the principle of voluntary organization. We present to the world the spectacle of a commercial and insular people raising vast armies with great celerity and by no force stronger than that of patriotic appeal and contagious enthusiasm, and using the same method to co-ordinate the supporting industries. That is a great example of national energy, and if it accomplishes its task the world will not readily forget it. But it calls for a new kind of statesmanship. If the people are not driven, they must be led. They must be treated as one body, equally concerned in the achievement of a task of unexampled difficulty, not divided into a class of peerless warriors on the one hand, and debased slackers and soakers on the other. As all service ranks with God, so the nation in its emergency calls on each of its members for the gift that he or she can bring to the common store, and makes no invidious distinction as to quality or greatness. Surrender of life, health, ease, habit, money, happiness, is required; but it is not extorted.

What the workman has already given is sufficiently indicated in the Prime Minister's statement that the time-keepers of the leading armament firms have recorded an average figure of 67 to 69 hours of work per week per man. No one will undervalue this contribution to the maintenance of the war when he realizes that this means an average working-day of over eleven hours for a six-days' week, often maintained under physical conditions of the utmost severity. Such men are not slackers; they are heroes. A 48-hours' week, maintained under the strain of the last eight months, would have been a measure of exceptional endurance. Even in the shipyards of which complaint has been made, we reckon that an average day of eight hours has been generally realized, and in any case we doubt whether there has been any falling off in the rates of production which existed before the war. It is the exceptional effort for which the country has called that has here and there, and only here and there, been wanting. It has failed largely because the quality of workmanship is not all of the best, and because, owing to the drain of recruiting, many industries have suddenly been shorn of some of their best workmen. Neither conscription nor the voluntary system could prevent some such drainage and the resulting want of co-ordination between the supply of soldiers and the supply of war material. In face of these difficulties, the figures quoted by Mr. Asquith are wonderful, and they should be quoted with the same pride with which the country has recorded the prowess achieved on the Aisne and the Marne.

What therefore is the problem of production for war? There is, first, the human factor. Mr. Asquith enlisted the whole body of workers as

part of the fighting force of the realm. But these civilian soldiers have to be satisfied that they are taxing their strength and mortgaging their lives for a wider end than the piling-up of special profit for their employers. No such demand can be made upon them. Trade union regulations, built up in generations of struggle, are not codes for "slackers." They are in the nature of the workman's life insurance, and if he allows his "policy" to be re-written or amended, it is indispensable for the Government to assure him that the purpose is national, that the revised version is limited to the war, and that his new employer, who is virtually the State, guarantees him a full reversion to the original scheme of provision when the emergency is over. The terms of such a treaty have still to be filled in. So far as the employers are concerned, there is to be a limitation of profits, and compensation in cases where there is loss from a sudden transference from civil to military work. This is sound enough; but the workmen will expect some far more definite plan as to the restriction of private profit than has yet been made known to them. If their rules are to be suspended, their representatives must be called in to take their share in the interim management of our war industries, which for months to come will cover so large a part of our industrial production. They must, in effect, be taken into partnership. Labor and capital are no longer on their normal terms of hostile or semi-hostile regimentation. They are engaged in a common task, which cannot be achieved on the old distribution of managing forces. Co-operation between organized capital and organized labor will, we hope, be the governing principle of the industrial system of the future. It is also the solvent of the national-industrial situation to-day.

If the Government, therefore, take proper account of the human element in the question, their material difficulties will begin to disappear. Critics are finding, in good and in bad faith, a discrepancy between the Prime Minister's denial that the army or the Allies were "crippled," or even "hampered," by a failure in the supply of ammunition, and Lord Kitchener's and Mr. Lloyd George's appeals for a great increase of output. There is no discrepancy but one of words. The Prime Minister declared, we believe with accuracy, that no operation of war has been impeded for lack of ammunition. Lord Kitchener suggested that the "progress" of equipment and supply was hampered, and that he looked anxiously at the situation for the moment and for the next two or three months. Lord Kitchener's eyes, and those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were fixed on the future, and that is precisely where lies the difficulty, or, rather, the incalculability, of the war-problem before us. Our statesmen and managers are bound to treat that problem with the utmost latitude; for it is a hundred times better to make a too generous provision for it than a too scanty one. Emergencies can only be dealt with when they arise; and this emergency happens to be like nothing that has ever arisen since wars began. How has it affected us? In August, we were a naval and a non-military Power suddenly thrust into a great Continental war. The large

land force which we had prepared for our own limited share in such a contingency was thoroughly trained and equipped for it. The war became a war of nations. To meet the new emergency the military force of this country was developed ten-fold, and its resources of military production enormously expanded.

Then a second and more astounding transformation occurred, this time in the character of the war itself. It became a siege of one host, counted by the hundred thousand, and even the million, by another host of similar strength. The line of investment was extended from miles to hundreds of miles. After months of almost negative fighting, experience in this new kind of campaigning revealed the fact that mastery could only be obtained or hoped for by the use of artillery on a scale out of proportion to any previous employment of it. Not one nation alone made this discovery; all the contending forces were driven to it, and it threw all their preparations and plans out of gear. Mr. Lloyd George supplied some measure of this change when he stated that nearly as much ammunition had been expended at Neuve Chapelle as in the whole course of the Boer War. Human invention and adaptation could not keep pace with this frightful expansion of the evil genius of war. The still undecided issue was seen to depend on a material struggle of a gigantic kind, and the great industrial nations, called on to transfer their energy from the best and most fruitful forms of production to the worst and most barren, have been forced, in the full heat and confusion of the struggle, to create a new organization for the purpose.

Here, then, is the secret of the call on the workers. Their response to it, even when they neither understood it nor had it explained to them, was extraordinary. But the character and extent of the demand are even now beyond calculation. No one can find an accurate measure of the need for such a superiority in munitions as may bring this war of nations to a reasonably speedy end. The only thing to do is to turn them out with the utmost speed and lavishness. As for the moral force of our people, it is ample; their leaders have only to discover how to draw on and replenish it.

DEMOCRACY AND PEACE.

THERE is an echo of the old world of politics, when government was entirely in the hands of a small and cultivated class, in Lord Cromer's letter to the "Times" describing democracies as warlike. That ruling class prided itself on its horror of idleness, and its sternly practical standards, but in point of fact its reasoning was dominated by abstractions and phrases to an extent scarcely surpassed in the case of the despised Jacobins themselves. If a member of this class affected any interest in economics he was certain to become more of a doctrinaire than anybody else, as we can see in the case of a politician like Lauderdale, and in some of the speeches of the younger Pitt. Burke himself wrote a pamphlet to prove that the more avaricious the employer, the more inevitable was it that he should treat his employees handsomely. One of the generalizations of this class treated democracy as the disease described in the "Republic," and thus the belief

grew up that democracies were always restless and warlike. Lord Salisbury believed it to the end of his days, and he regarded himself as the champion of the interests of peace and sober politics in the tumult of passion that popular enfranchisement had let loose. This was really his rôle in the history of his country. Beaconsfield and Gladstone both saw an opportunity for their different ideas in democracy, the one mobilizing dreams of empire, the other dreams of liberty; Lord Salisbury looked on himself as the guardian of the true national interests against dreams of all kinds.

The tenacity of a general idea when once it becomes part of the education of a class is illustrated in a remarkable manner by the prevalence of this belief. Fundamentally, it sprang from the eighteenth-century dread of enthusiasm. The educated man was the man who knew the dangers of enthusiasm; and recognized in moderation the secret of statesmanship. Enthusiasm was the mark of inexperience and immaturity. Burke used a good many harsh names of the French Revolution, but when he wanted to put it at its worst in point of danger to the world, he described it as "this wild, nameless, enthusiastic thing in the heart of Europe." Yet anybody who looked at history must have seen how misleading it was to argue from Cleon's audience to the Europe of the eighteenth century. In the case of the French Revolution, it was not the Revolutionaries who began war; the enthusiasm for the mission of democratic conquest began in response to a challenge. And of French policy, it was true, as Fox said, that the just charge to bring against revolutionary France was the charge that she had copied the habits of Louis the Fourteenth. That great career in war and aggression had itself no flavor of democracy about it. The eighteenth-century statesmen might have seen that autocratic rulers, whether they were philosophers like Catherine of Russia or Frederick the Great, or whether they were the arbiters of taste and magnificent pleasure, like the great king, kept the world at war. But they persisted in thinking of war as the special vice of democracy. And they thought of it in this way, because they thought of the poor as revolutionary and as nationalist; and of the educated as conservative and cosmopolitan. This view of democracy was confirmed in the minds of statesmen, like Lord Salisbury, by the great disturbing year of 1848. Kings and rulers had made the bed of Europe to suit themselves at the Congress of Vienna, and when the peoples refused any longer to lie quietly on its very uncomfortable surface, all conservative statesmen regarded it as the manifestation of their natural indigenous vice. Lord Salisbury even argued that Germany was more rapacious and aggressive in her brief hour of Liberalism than at any other time.

How far is this view of Lord Cromer's tenable at this time of day and with our modern experience? There is one respect in which it might have been said that a democracy is more likely to catch fire than an oligarchical government. The appeal to sympathy for oppressed kinsmen, or for victims of oppression related by other ties than those of blood, has greater power over the many than the few. Yet the great standing example of a propaganda of war and conquest, based on racial claims, is to

be found, not in democracy, but in an educated Imperialist and autocratic State. Read the works of German professors and German historians if you wish to see this motive to war developed and flattered in cold blood with infinite trouble and system. On the other hand, Serbia, a democracy with warlike habits and an inflaming grievance, exhibited last July a real power of self-restraint in a crisis. In that diplomatic chapter it was not Serbia but Austria-Hungary that displayed the qualities that used to be ascribed to democracy.

Lord Cromer argues that he and others in his position have rounded a good many awkward corners when publicity would have made that task more difficult and precarious. We do not doubt that he is right. But how many of the awkward corners of diplomacy are the consequences of transactions in which democracy has been allowed no share? If the election of 1880 had preceded the Congress of Berlin, the history of Europe ever since would have been profoundly different. There would have been a different Turkey, a different Austria-Hungary, and half the problems for which diplomatists have been trying to find provisional solutions would never have arisen. Would anybody argue to-day that it would not have been a good thing for Europe if the people of England had been able to discuss the terms of peace? Lord Salisbury himself lived to repent of the transaction that looked such a triumph at the moment. We may surely say, both of that experiment in the resettlement of South-eastern Europe and of the earlier experiment in the resettlement of all Europe that the great capital mistakes were the mistakes that democratic opinion condemned. The first great workmen's newspaper in England denounced the treatment of the Poles, and the characteristic examples of upper-class statesmanship in the Netherlands and in Italy. It was, perhaps, symbolical that the great prophet of the democratic revolution, Rousseau, was one of the few who understood at the time what the partition of Poland would bring upon Europe. And if Britain "put her money on the wrong horse" in 1878, it was not at the prompting or with the sanction of the people of the nation.

The world is too old for the sweeping illusions that once comforted good men in adversity, but there remains good reason for hoping that as democracy grows, the world will become more peaceful. Nobody believes of the present war that it was desired by any one of those nations in which democratic institutions have been given the greatest scope. The democratic parties are not war parties anywhere in respect of their policies or their teaching. In this country, which has enjoyed a very special good fortune, being released through no merit of its own from cares and troubles that still perplex the national life of other peoples, democracy has a special responsibility. It is sheer good luck that we have not had to struggle in modern times with some cruel inheritance of history, like the Balkan peoples, or with some sense of hallucination or balked development, like the Germans, or with some standing menace on our frontiers, like the French. More than ever then is it an obligation upon us to try to lay firmer foundations of peace by seeking a resettlement of Europe which will

avoid the fundamental errors of 1815 and 1878, by strengthening the influence of the popular sentiment for justice and the popular dread of war in the diplomacy and dealings of nations.

THE CHILDISHNESS OF GERMANY.

OF the early invaders of these islands, a modern poet has written that all good towns and lands "they only saw with heavy eyes, and broke with heavy hands." Much the same words seem to sum up the Germany of the present war. Its Ministers and writers seem to see with heavy eyes; its men of action to break with heavy hands. One of the greatest surprises of the war is the continually increasing evidence of a clumsy stupidity, passing sometimes into a kind of madness, in the written and spoken utterances of German writers. Here is a great and proud nation, with a magnificent record of courage and devotion, and the highest possible level of research, intelligence, and industry. Yet from much of the utterances of its leaders in war, you would think that it remained the same uncouth, barbaric, and childish product that Tacitus found the Teuton two thousand years ago. If anything were to be gained by this absence of graciousness and manners, if by one shell or one bayonet it assisted the soldiers in the field, criticism would be silent. But in the absence of such advantage, the thing merely appears as a revelation of a civilization which is only skin deep; an amazement not only to us (which the Germans would declare does not matter), but to neutral countries, such as America, where a great newspaper has already been discussing the question whether a whole nation can go mad. And that a nation which, until the war broke out, was claiming to set an example of culture to the world.

Some of its acts indeed are merely childish and absurd. It is childish and absurd to paint toys and articles of domestic use with "Gott strafe England." It does not excite God to strike England, and no one believes it does so. It is like a child shrieking and stamping in fury of anger. Equally absurd (and surely unbelievable) are the accounts of England and its people given, not in obscure journals, but in some of those great solid German newspapers whose characteristics before the war were rather scientific accuracy than any light or readable humor. Unless the American newspaper is correct and a whole population has gone mad, the writers cannot believe that the statements bear any resemblance to truth. Yet they tell of the miners of the North of England (for example) cowering in terror before the advent of the Zeppelin; whereas, as a matter of fact, the difficulty of the authorities is to prevent the miners and others all rushing into the streets to see what a Zeppelin is like. We have our Yellow Press, and are not especially proud of it; but our Yellow Press has printed correspondence from Berlin and the great German cities, giving full tribute to the continuance of sane life, the devotion of the people to their cause, and everything that an honorable opponent might testify of another. In Germany the great newspapers seem determined to keep their readers in illusion, and illusion at once grotesque and unbelievable. So that the new armies in England

are announced quite seriously to consist of a few thousand of the unemployed, conscripted by hunger, who will never fight. London is depicted—because of normal precautionary measures against aircraft—as shivering in darkness dreading destruction; English families, men, women, and children, fashioning dum-dum bullets; Englishmen generally as half-witted knaves and fools, led to ruin by the Machiavelian diplomacy of one Sir Edward Grey. And, of course, when one passes from the heavy, reputable daily newspapers to the caricaturists and irresponsible journals, one enters a region of unspeakable bitterness and obscenity; the only comment upon it being, that these writers and draughtsmen have turned against the foreigner a method and style which, before the war, they were using against their own countrymen.

So much for journalists and illustrators; but the same barbaric uncouthness is revealed almost every day in the actual department of government. It is found, for example, in the White Paper issued last week concerning the treatment of prisoners of war. You would have thought that it would be the easiest thing in the world, with a neutral nation like the American eager and willing to assist, to settle, through such a third party, reciprocal arrangements whereby each nation treats its prisoners as the other treats theirs. But all through the winter and spring Sir Edward Grey is battering through the American Embassies to get such arrangements sanctioned, and all through he is met with a clumsy and sulkily resistance. Through great periods he has to complain that no reply is given at all. "The Secretary of State has the honor to inform his Excellency that as over six weeks has elapsed since the scheme was submitted to the German Government"—is the kind of entry that occurs again and again. At other times the answers, if given, are angry, impolite, discourteous. And this clumsy discourtesy is quite apart from the mere fact of the good or ill-treatment of the German prisoners. Nor—judging from the past—is it a necessary accompaniment of war.

Indeed, to the outside observer, entirely detached and careless which side attains victory, there would even seem to be a kind of reproach in this failure to realize just how to behave. The treatment of the French Ambassador at Berlin last August, as revealed in the French Yellow Book—contrasted with the treatment by the French of the German Ambassador at Paris—was only the beginning of a uniform series of revelations of "how not to do it," down to the issue of the Bernstorff "Memorandum" to the American people, behind the back of the Government to which he was the accredited Ambassador. They have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds upon propagandism in all the neutral countries. Sometimes they nearly succeed in putting a logical case. But invariably some *gaucherie* or clumsiness alienates their would-be converts, and to-day America and all the neutral nations profoundly dislike Germany and her "Kultur," and profoundly desire her defeat. Even such a man of affairs as Herr Dernburg—a Jew and not a German—seems to receive the infection of the malady. For the first time he looked like making some impression on America by his denunciations

of British "navalism," which he characterized as a greater menace to the world than German "militarism." And then, suddenly, and in the middle of a war where victory is not yet attained, he announces to America that Germany intends to annex Belgium—Belgium which America had taken under her special protection, her foster-child—which she has been keeping alive at enormous expense, and whose violation and subsequent suffering has been the whole kernel and centre of the "case against Germany" in America. It is the clumsiness of it that astonishes. If the propagandist had asserted that Germany was going to annex England, the effect would have been much less disastrous to his cause. Bismarck, if victory had come to his arms, would, in present circumstances, and if he thought it to German advantage, have annexed Belgium without a pang or a sigh. But he would never have said that he was going to do so until he was certain that he could do it. And that is but a sample. The communications concerning the sinking of the "Falaba," and the slaughter of its unarmed passengers, the protest concerning our detention of the "Paklat," the refugee ship from Tsingtau, are other instances of the kind of diplomatic and propagandist futilities into which this great race seems committed when it plunges into war. The explanation is difficult. It seems to run through a whole nation, from Ministers who refuse to answer legitimate requests or answer them sulkily and clumsily, to workmen who buy domestic furniture with invective against the enemy engraved or printed on it. If Germany was in fear of destruction, this madness would be accountable. But she still appears highly confident of victory. It would almost seem that one has to fall back upon a theory which has recently been propounded: that Germans are ruled from a Prussia which has remained outside the current of European civilization; that the Prussians are essentially the same as at the dawn of modern history; that they have learnt how to compound synthetic products from coal-tar, have got rich quickly, and entered the European comity by virtue of their strength and efficiency; but, that directly the testing time comes, the superadded veneer of politeness and of culture—in the sense of apprehension of what can and what cannot offend—vanishes. And the purely barbaric virtues of courage and resolution and blind devotion to the Fatherland appear, accompanied by a kind of clumsiness and barbaric intelligence, which are the astonishment of the civilized world.

THE THREAT TO HUNGARY.

WE have grown so used to every kind of prodigy in this war that its great feats are only dimly outlined against the vast background of the immeasurable and the bewildering. Our school-books used to invite our wonder for the passage of the Alps by Hannibal and Napoleon, and their exploits became classical, though they were a triumph only over Nature. The crossing of the Carpathians by the Russians, if it is destined to a complete success, will be only a little less remarkable as a material achievement, but it is, in addition, a great military feat.

They have had the use of good roads, but, on the other hand, they have had to face a powerful army. It is probable that we tend to exaggerate the significance of mountains in defence, but the impression of their value is general, and in spite of the scepticism of Clausewitz, who belittled mountain defences, every Continental Government values such a frontier. It is not at all easy to visualize this Carpathian battle, but it is evident from the Russian accounts that artillery has, as one would expect, played little part in it, and that the infantry and dismounted Cossacks have made more use of the bayonet than of rifle fire. In a month of fighting, the Russians have won the summit of the main range over a reach of about eighty miles, and have advanced at some points well within the massive and complicated system of secondary ranges which lie beyond it.

It is not safe to speculate too confidently on the future. The Russians feel no doubt of an early and complete success. On the other hand, Major Morah, the correspondent of the "Berliner Tageblatt" with the Austrian headquarters, who expressed the lugubrious hope a few weeks ago that the virgin snow on the Carpathians might not be the winding-sheet of the Austrian Empire, now declares that the Russian advance has been definitely checked. For our part, we expect to see it continue through the passes. But we are less certain that the current anticipation is well-founded, that, once through the passes, the Russians will be able to debouch without difficulty and fling themselves in overwhelming numbers upon the plain of Hungary. On the contrary, it seems possible that the Austro-Germans may be reserving their main resistance for a line of prepared trench positions on comparatively low ground at the base of the Carpathians. The essential of a good defensive position in modern warfare is not so much crags and precipices as a sufficiency of good roads and railways in its rear which enable the defenders to feed all their positions with munitions, and to move guns and reserves of men with ease and speed to any threatened point. Mountains make an appeal to the imagination, but an army attempting to debouch by a few roads through widely separated passes is manifestly at a disadvantage against an army which has good and continuous lateral communications behind it. The telegrams are justified in calling attention to the feat of crossing the main range. But the real military decision may none the less depend on the ability of the Russians to force a line beyond the mountains, which will be held precisely as the lines in Flanders and Poland are held, by reliance, not on natural obstacles, but on scientific organization. The real military question, in short, is not so much whether the Russians can cross the Carpathians, as whether they can debouch after they have crossed them.

When once the great feat of debouching from the Carpathians is achieved, Hungary will lie at the mercy of the invaders. In a battle on the open plain, the numbers, the enthusiasm, the moral force, and the superiority in cavalry of the Russians can hardly fail to tell in their favor. The sceptical mind may object that Poland is also a plain, and the result of the struggle there was stalemate. The answer is, however, that the relative success of the Germans in Poland was due to

their strategical railways on its frontier; the railway system of Hungary, good though it is, is not designed to further such feats of concentration as von Hindenburg achieved. There are, moreover, political complications in one case which were not present in the other. Roumanian or Italian action will become vastly more probable when the Russians are threatening Hungary itself. The other speculative possibility is that Hungary may break away from the Austro-German connection and make a separate peace. But the dominant Magyar aristocracy, with Count Tisza at its head, is now by far the most powerful element in the Dual Monarchy, and while it controls the Ball-Platz it will not abandon an Austria which it leads. The extreme Independence Party might, indeed, make a revolution if it could, and crown its revolt by secession. But the whole history of this war has shown that minorities cannot break the grip of a great military and bureaucratic machine. Doubtless the Dual Monarchy, as a whole, longs to make a separate peace. The Austro-German armies are at present too closely amalgamated for that, and even if the German corps in Hungary were thoroughly beaten at the base of the Carpathians, they could check any movement towards a separate peace by retiring on Vienna.

The probability is that Prussians, Austrian-Germans, and Magyars, who make this war in common, will hold together stubbornly to the end. The more interesting question is that which Mr. Arnold Toynbee has raised in his valuable book on "Nationality and the War." He starts from the assumption of a complete victory for the Allies, and foresees the diminution, but not the extinction, of Austria-Hungary. The main new fact will be the creation of a big Southern Slav State out of Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia, with the Dalmatian coastline. He then looks forward to the constitution of a Balkan Federation out of this great Serbia, an enlarged Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece. Each of its component States would need the use of its neighbor's ports, and this economic interest, he argues, would suffice to make a Zollverein. A redistribution of territory is feasible, if the statesmanship of such men as M. Venezelos can prevail over the sentiments of hate and greed, and the Balkan States have clearly a primary interest to hold together, if only to protect themselves from the Empires which have too often played with their destinies. From this basis, Mr. Toynbee goes on to consider whether, after the war, Hungary would elect to remain within the Austro-German system, or whether she would prefer to join the Balkan Confederation. Her sentiments would be divided. She hates and despises the Slavs; but, equally, she does not love Austria. She would on this showing, have lost her Croatian port, Fiume, and if her trade depended on Austrian Trieste, might she not be subject to the dictation of Vienna? Would she not be wiser to make terms with the Balkan Federation, and regain the use of Fiume by entering its Zollverein? Socially and historically, she belongs rather to the Balkans than to Western Europe. Her wealth, population, and somewhat superior civilization would make her the predominant partner in a Balkan Federation, which her accession would at once raise to the level of a first-rate military Power. This solution of the Eastern question

would be, to our thinking, as it is to Mr. Toynbee, by far the happiest, if only because it would finally remove the Balkan Peninsula from the range of Imperial ambitions. The main difficulty about the formation of such a Zollverein as Mr. Toynbee has sketched, is that none of these East European States need each other's produce. The Balkan States will, we hope, emancipate themselves politically from the hegemony of Vienna and Berlin, but they will still depend on the market of Central Europe, and will live by exchanging their grain and live stock against its manufactures. The tendency to the formation of national States is the dominant fact while armies are at work drawing racial frontiers. But when the battle is over and the frontiers drawn, the play of economic forces will cut across alliances and racial antipathies.

A London Diary.

THERE are some dark spots in the scheme of war, but one quarter of it is illumined by a kind of sober brightness on which one cannot look without emotion. I mean the temper of the French army and people. Of the former, every kind of English observer, military and civil, speaks in the same terms of wonder and admiration. It was not too good when the war broke out. Its recovery of moral, of organization, of skill in the higher commands, of steadiness and brilliancy, above all, of absolute confidence in the issue—is quite inexplicable to those who hold the theory of France's decadence, and marvellous even to her warmest admirers. What is behind this spirit? If I may judge from the letter of a Frenchwoman I was privileged to read, a singular fortitude and exaltation of spirit. The writer spoke of the war as a great and ennobling event for the country; its suffering and loss as a thing to be endured without a murmur, its recompense as certain, and yet as more spiritual than material. It was a very affecting document, and one spelled victory in it even more surely than in the record of the achievements and exertions of the French army.

THE suggestion in the "New Statesman" that the failure of the first attempt on the Dardanelles was due to the breakdown of the promised co-operation of the Greeks is something of the story of a cock and a bull. The writer admits that even if the Venezelos policy had succeeded Greece would only have contributed 20,000 troops, a number far too small to change the fortunes of the expedition. As for Lemnos, it has not been abandoned as a base as a result of the substitution of M. Gounaris for M. Venezelos. Its use, like that of the rest of the islands which are available, is limited by the poor water supply, and that difficulty is no greater and no smaller than in the origin of the expedition. Greece is still in friendly neutrality with us, as she was when the adventure was planned. As to the cause of the earlier breakdown, that will inevitably be a matter for close investigation. On the face of it, it was due in the main to the bad weather, and to the failure to time the co-operation of the naval and the military forces,

precisely the two points on which those who knew the Dardanelles best were most concerned. It is hard to suppose that the Admiralty ignored them, and harder still to imagine that the political advantage of the expedition (which, of course, depended on its success) was put before the technical one. There is much debate on these points and they will have to be frankly dealt with.

I THINK the debate on what has been called the teetotalization of the House of Commons was meant in some degree to be a danger signal to the Government on the part of those of its supporters who want only small measures of regulation for the liquor trade. As a pious amen to the King's pledge, the resolution might have been carried easily enough. But it could have borne only an academic significance, since members in these days spend only a few hours a week at Westminster, and seldom remain to dine or smoke an after-dinner pipe. Consequently, any suggestion of personal self-denial in the matter was felt to be absurd. If a division had been taken the resolution would probably have been carried, though under circumstances which would have robbed it of any moral grace. In other words, its success would have been due to abstentions from voting, while the total vote would have been damagingly small.

ONE hopes that constituencies will not act too quickly in the case of members whose attitude to the war—or rather the diplomacy of the war—they are doubtful or disapproving. This is a free country; criticism is good for it. It is certain that men like Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Ponsonby are as good patriots as anybody in the House of Commons or out of it, and that what they desire and do for their country will be the fruit of their best and most disinterested thought. What more can Parliament desire or a constituency expect? [See Burke.] Mr. Ponsonby is one of the most useful members of the House of Commons. He is honest, he is able, he is brave. Like Mr. Trevelyan, he may lay a little more stress on some points of our ante-war diplomacy than I am disposed to give to them, but his differences from the national view are not great or important. It is the character of such public men as he that really matters. The country will want plenty of it in the times that are to come.

THE press here has hardly done justice to the movement of American opinion which secured the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Sweitzer, the Democratic candidate for the Mayoralty of Chicago, by a majority larger than was ever polled in such an election. The issue was not in the least degree a party one. Mr. Sweitzer was not beaten because he was a Democrat, nor did Mr. Harrison win because he was a Republican. The feature of the election was the issue of a circular, adorned with portraits of the Kaiser and Francis Joseph, calling on the Hungarian, German, and Austrian voters to "save the Fatherland" and check the Allies. The answer to this tactless challenge was remarkable. A wave of resentment swept over the city. Young Americans (men and women) swarmed to the poll, and the Sweitzer ticket was hopelessly outvoted.

HERE is a story brought to England by a Belgian lady, whose home was a château near Louvain. A number of German officers were quartered in her house. Their behavior frightened her. She appealed to the military Governor. He answered her with a gross insult. She left her home, and heard that in her absence it had been burnt. Returning to it, she made some inquiries of a group of German officers on the road, who replied that the house was untouched, and offered to escort her back. When she came within sighting distance of her dwelling, she found that it had vanished. The officers burst into rude laughter at her dismay. "Do you think," said one of them, "that we escorted you merely for the pleasure of your company?"

A WAYFARER.

THE WAR OFFICE AND CLOTHING CONTRACTS.

THE War Office Clothing Department has in times of peace to arrange for the clothing of about 160,000 men of the regular army. In August last the Department knew that this number would be considerably increased, probably by fifteen to twenty times. In normal times the making up of the clothing is done at the Royal Army Clothing Department at Pimlico by direct labor, and by manufacturers (contractors) on the War Office List in their own factories. It is a mistake to suppose that the clothing is rough, unskilled work. It requires peculiar knowledge, is subject ordinarily to rigorous inspection by the War Office, and is indeed a special section of the tailoring trade. For various technical reasons a manufacturer of civilian clothing is unable readily to adapt his factory or workshop to the making of clothing such as is normally worn by our regular army.

War Office clothing contract agreements previous to August last contained a clause prohibiting the giving out of orders by contractors to other employers (sub-contractors). In August, however, this condition was relaxed in order to facilitate the maximum output of the trade, for some hundreds of thousands of suits were required immediately, and the life of a uniform on active service is not more than about three months. The War Office, however, did not realize as soon as it might reasonably have been expected to do so that the contracts it had placed with contractors on its ordinary list would not filter down to other branches of the tailoring trade, because of the "difficult" nature and unusual design of the work compared with ordinary civilian clothing.

Difficulties were also experienced in obtaining sufficient quantities of cloth and khaki dye. The trade was still executing what civilian orders remained, and did not realize what was required of it by the War Office. There was no machinery for putting the trade as a whole into contact with the War Office and its requirements. In spite of the fact that for many years it has run its own clothing factory at Pimlico, the War Office had no suggestions to make in order to surmount the technical difficulties or to organize the clothing industry for national purposes.

Weeks went by and nothing was attempted until a person outside the Civil Service voluntarily introduced to a member of the War Office a London manufacturer of clothing who had a factory in East London, and who himself was already on the War Office List. This gentleman went in a purely voluntary and advisory capacity. He at once made the obvious suggestion to the War Office, "Simplify the design of your uniform and greatcoat, and then the trade as a whole will be better able to cope with the work." He went further and simplified the garments himself at the request of the War Office, who at once presented him with an emergency order of three million garments, leaving him to make arrangements for buying cloth and all necessary material, and to distribute the work as he pleased. There was at least

one happy man in London that day, as well as a much-relieved War Office Clothing Department.

Private experiments were made in order to discover substitutes for khaki dye, in which Germany had secured a practical monopoly, and, largely through the trade connections which were established by the gentleman referred to above, manufacturers of cloth began to devote a larger proportion of their output to Government work. In some cases a War Office threat of the requisitioning of works provided a necessary stimulus.

Apart from the three-million contract the War Office proceeded to invite and accept contracts from anybody and everybody, and by November the clothing contract list was swollen to a great extent. Practically anyone who applied got on to it. Contractors asked for much larger orders than they could execute in the hope of sub-contracting them to smaller men at a substantial profit and little bother. Orders were often sub-contracted several times, profit being scooped off at each transfer. The one desire of the War Office was to increase the output of clothing by hook or by crook. But when a Government Department wants a thing badly and throws itself on the mercy of a trade, it has to pay for it, and the prices which it paid were much in advance of those of normal times (though less than those paid by the War Office during the Boer War). Moreover, for similar work the War Office paid different rates to different contractors.

Before Christmas, however, an agreement was come to between the War Office and the Wholesale Clothiers' Federation by which flat rates were fixed: Greatcoat, 28s.; tunic, 12s. 6d. (later 12s. 8d.); trousers, 8s. 9d. (later 8s. 11d.); and riding breeches, 18s. 6d. The prices were apparently arrived at by adding a percentage to the gross cost. As this gross cost included cost of material which was then issued by the War Office at flat rates (slightly in advance of normal prices), the greatcoats, in which a large amount of cloth is needed, yielded a much larger profit than any of the other garments, although the making up of a coat is probably easier than that of a tunic. While taking into account the increase of price due to the increased demand and difficulty of supply, the War Office was paying on the flat rates more than was economically necessary, especially in the case of greatcoats.

An unprecedented demand arose for labor, and capital flowed into the trade even down to the small East End workshops. The tailoring trade was more prosperous than it had been for a considerable time. The output of military clothing increased, and by four months after November it had probably trebled. By Easter the New Army was practically clothed. We had blundered through as successfully as ever, though for the measure of success attained, the War Office, at any rate in its initial stages, cannot be given any praise.

The Department had certainly obtained the clothing it required, but the singular feature of the situation consists in the ignorance which the War Office displayed of the tailoring trade. Sooner or later it would, no doubt, have found someone to advise it, but in any case it would have had to throw itself on the mercy of that individual. A fortunate accident, as far as the Department was concerned, caused this individual to come along sooner than might otherwise have been the case. Necessary suggestions which, to a member of the trade, seemed obvious, had not occurred to responsible members of the War Office, and no steps had been taken to invite the co-operation of business men concerned.

True, the clothing has been turned out at a somewhat high price to the nation. Even assuming that only a normal profit was made on the three-million emergency contract, we get a case of one member of the trade making a profit which must easily run into six figures. Compared with this the Meyer timber contract is a small matter. However, in the tailoring contract, the arrangement was perfectly straightforward. No one can find the least trace of a scandal. The War Office, quite out of touch with the business and technical side of tailoring, was helped out of an awkward dilemma by a man who simply knew his business. The transaction, owing to the need of the moment, happened to be a large one, and the nation has

to foot the bill. There the matter ends except in so far as it causes us to consider the limitations of our present Civil Service.

Since this emergency contract was made, the personnel of the Contract Department of the War Office has, to a certain extent, been changed, and the Department is now better informed and in closer contact with the trade and better able to grapple with problems which have followed inevitably from the chaos resulting from the situation created in the first few months of the war.

Life and Letters.

"FULLNESS OF LIFE."

At a time when, as in a Tenth Plague, there is hardly a house where there is not one dead, we listen with new understanding to the ancient thoughts and lamentations of mortality. The well-worn sentences are restored to fresh meaning; the commonplace almost ceases to be common, and becomes particular to ourselves. From the abyss of the past we hear the voice of vanished souls crying to us in the kinship of one sorrow. Ours is the pain which all mankind has suffered, and the utterance of all ages prophesied our present grief. The paradoxes of wit shrivel away, and all the consolations of philosophy sound empty as the brass of political eloquence. But concentrated into some obvious remark we hear the voice of generations dumb in their affliction. Down shadowy vaults of time the mourning of common people like ourselves comes echoing, and we recognize the tears of mortal things.

"Whom the gods love die young"—it is a weary commonplace, true to satiety. All copy-books would have it but for fear of encouraging suicide among children. Anyone who uttered it a year ago would have stamped himself a bore, and have filled us with amazement at his stupid effrontery, just as if he had seriously told us that honesty is the best policy, or that familiarity breeds contempt. Even now, no one would be so insensitive a dullard as to offer it for consolation to a mother whose eyes beheld one name only in the "Roll of Honor," and whose hands had fed and washed and dressed that baby up to manhood, just for this end.

And yet to that commonplace, which a Greek may have borrowed from some Phœnician sailor, and he inherited from the grunts of prehistoric man, the common woe of this year, when so many are dying young, may give a fresh intensity of meaning.

They do not die because the gods love them, but the gods love them because they are young. Not only in infancy, but in youth, heaven lies about them, and they still are Nature's Priests, attended by the vision. "Oh, that I were as in the months of old!" cried an older poet (for it is to the old and familiar utterances that we now turn)—"Oh that I were as in the months of old, as in the days when God watched over me; when his lamp shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tent." It is because the lamp shines upon the head of youth, and the secret of God still lingers upon its tent, that the gods love those who die young—those to whom the earth still seems apparelled in celestial light. For, wiser than mothers, the gods fear for their darlings the gradual obscurity of vision that prolonged existence in an unilluminated world may bring; the hardening of the heart's tissue, the ossification of the soul, which the disappointments of pleasure or the disillusionment of admired characters

often involves. And so it is that, when youth dies, the gods themselves join in the poet's triumphant elegy:—

"From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

William Gladstone has died young, killed suddenly and unawares when full of life, before what is called the promise of his years could be accomplished. From the trenches he wrote to his mother that he was very glad and proud to have got to the front. "It is not the length of existence that counts," he went on, "but what is achieved during that existence, however short." The statement is trite and familiar. Here again we are confronted with a commonplace, true to satiety—so admittedly true that it has almost become surprising, and we hear it repeated with something of a shock. But that the speaker should have illustrated the familiar truth by his own death gives it a solemnity and freshness of meaning. For when a man sacrifices himself to his belief, we are bound to listen, though we have ourselves accepted the belief from our youth up. We have long known as a matter of fact that length of time and existence is not to be measured by the ticking of clocks and death-watch beetles. We know that we may hold immensity in one hand, and live eternity in an hour. We have heard of the glorious life whose crowded hour is not merely worth an age, but is itself an age. All this we have devoutly believed, but when someone states the belief again and dies for it, we find new knowledge in the words, just as the Apostles' Creed might receive sudden illumination from the flames in which we watched a martyr burning.

"It is not length of existence that counts, but what is achieved." It is not growing like a tree in age, and certainly not in girth, that makes men or nations greater. We are reminded of Sir George Birdwood's fine letter, to which we referred when it was written a year or two ago. He was an old man then, but he had taken no care of life. He had lived, he told us, "with a certain playful devilry of spirit, a ceaseless militancy, quite suffragette." In those days other writers were telling us to secure long life by careful diet and restful habits. "Lie in bed till noonday!" cried the devil-may-care veteran; "I would rather be some monstrous flat-fish at the bottom of the Atlantic than accept human life on such terms." Sir George Birdwood has achieved much, and length of existence has been added to his achievements, just as pleasure is sometimes added, as a kind of happy accident, to high-hearted activity. This very week he has been exercising his playful devilry in tracing the word "dispatch" to its source among ancient Himalayan valleys. But it is for the achievement, not for the length of life, that such men care. Theirs is a ceaseless militancy, regardless of measured time, and, in point of living existence, how incalculably do they surpass those monstrous flat-fish who at the bottom of the Atlantic or in our health-resorts rot themselves at ease from year to year, slowly gathering over their loathsome forms the accretions of mere time and what the Middle Ages called accidiousness or sluggery! For "accidia" is the sloth of the man who, at the bugle-blast of resolution, sighs, "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."

It is said that no one thinks of Walter Pater now, least of all in his own University. And that is no wonder, for times have much changed since he was held a prophet, and our prophets of to-day have a different set of conjectures to reveal. It may seem strange that the commonplace observation of a promising young

Member of Parliament who was killed in action should recall the most disputed teachings of one who was so often denounced as inactive, aloof from everyday reality, or perverse. Yet compare with that observation a few sentences from the most disputed chapter in all Walter Pater's works—the conclusion to "The Renaissance":—

"The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse, to startle it into sharp and eager observation. . . . A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. . . . In a sense, it might even be said that our failure is to form habits. . . . We are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death, but with a sort of indefinite reprieve; we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. . . . Our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness."

Certainly, the happiness thus prescribed is likely to be deliberate, self-conscious, and probably too passive—too much an affair of mere sensation. It might not be discovered in the industrious achievements of a politician, a "publicist," or even of a soldier. Yet here, again, we are shown that it is not length of existence that counts, but what is achieved during that existence, however short. Here, again, life is to be measured not by clocks and almanacs and the dates recorded in "Who's Who," but by its intensity, its element of the eternal. The sleepers of Ephesus did not live, though they survived twenty generations of mankind, nor does it increase the life of our cautious valetudinarians to add one more cloistered winter to their past. Like Sir George Birdwood, Walter Pater advocated a ceaseless militancy, a perpetually renewed rebellion against habits and acquiescence. It is only so that we can discover or embody our spirit's power—so rich an endowment that the Religious Physician declared "there is all Africa and her prodigies in us." Only so may the pleasures of living be swallowed up in the joy of life. But to maintain such ceaseless militancy is undoubtedly hard. It may mean, as it meant to William Gladstone, losing life for the sake of life's causes. It means a continual re-assertion of the truth that the better part of discretion is valor. "Fear only fear" is a good motto, but he who emblazoned it on his shield was a timid man, assaulted by daily terrors, and only sometimes conquering one.

REUTER'S.

THE insolence and assumption of the great has been a favorite theme of rebellious rhetoric as far as history extends. We have sometimes felt tempted to write a paean to their modesty. How very seldom it is that they dare to use their power to any purpose! We are thinking less of popes, *prima donnas*, and prime-ministers than of the few scores of men in every country who make the national mind. There are the heads of the cinematograph firms; there are the publishers who produce educational books; and there is Lord Northcliffe. The philosopher-king was a dream of the ancient world. We have sometimes tried to imagine the situation of a young philosopher who should suddenly inherit a really well-established "film" business, with good connections in all the civilized world, and a growing trade in Fiji and Thibet. Imagine the vertiginous ambition of that young man when he suddenly realized that he might play upon the heart-strings of humanity like a lute. The Platonic notion of transforming the plastic mind of man by myths

and music is as nothing to the designs that this young man might conceive. He might throw back civilization for a generation or advance it as rapidly. Imagine him, by tendentious pictures, propagating vegetarianism in Afghanistan, aestheticism in Timbuctoo, and the Higher Thought in Albania. He might leave who would to make the laws, provided he could make the films. Or what would happen if an ardent young Socialist suddenly inherited one of the three or four great businesses which provide school-books? Imagine him by a deft touch here and there altering the conclusions of the familiar moral tales, insinuating cautiously the stirring tale of a regicide into the "Book of Golden Deeds," and admitting some well-chosen extract from Thomas Paine into his "readings" from the classics. The more one ponders on such lost opportunities, the more does one marvel at the modesty of the human mind and the poverty of ambition among the great who sway our thoughts. We do not recall a single daring idea in all the works of Callisthenes, and what abstinence from originality, what painful self-abnegation was exercised by the author of "Things that Matter"! A sense of responsibility is deeply rooted in our island race, and even William Godwin, when he wrote school-books under the respectable pseudonym of Baldwin, refrained by a fine scruple from introducing into them the faintest trace of a radical poison. We can only conclude that a philosopher rises to edit films almost as rarely as a Christian becomes a bishop.

The "moving picture" is the instrument which will standardize and stereotype the thinking of to-morrow. Among the agencies of yesterday a foremost place belonged to Reuter's. When we read one day in the "Times" a letter from a retired colonel who confessed that all he knew had been derived from that great newspaper, we experienced, like Charles Lamb, a desire to feel his bumps. But many millions of the English-speaking race must have owed all that they knew of other nations to Reuter's. It had become our daily periscope, and acquired a dictatorial authority over our minds, the more imperious because no one could question it by writing a letter to the editor. We all know that every newspaper has its bias, and the simplest reader is aware that there is somewhere in the background a living personality, a Little Englander, one Smith, or that great Christian patriot, Rosenfeldt (late of New York), who shapes its ends. But Reuter had a way of seeming impersonal, and if one did not take him for the veritable Voice of Truth, he was commonly so dull and so colorless that one did regard him as mere fact. The English mind is always on its guard against literary color, whether in historian or journalist. He who writes too well among us is rarely believed. Adopt a drab and sober style, mix in a few split infinitives, and few readers will suspect you of bias. It was, indeed, with something of a shock that we were all reminded this week by the tragic death of the cultivated recluse who had inherited the title and business of Baron de Reuter, that the Agency really was under the direction of a single mind. The head of such a business has an enormous power in his hands, but we cannot recollect that it was ever used to further individual views or policies. The limitations on the work of such an agency are sufficiently obvious. It must serve newspapers of all opinions, and must, therefore, seem to have none of its own. Its function is primarily to supply us with a steady stream of fact, and provided facts look "bare," few readers (and, for that matter, few editors) will ever pause to inquire on what principle the facts have been selected. The news which comes through Reuter is made up to such an extent of official documents, reports of speeches, debates, trials, and the unbiased

doings of nature in time of flood and earthquake, that we had grown into a way of regarding it as something nearly as mechanical as "the tape." Who ever pauses to think that men who hate and fear, men with whims and caprices, fads and prejudices, have compiled the news that ticks out under a glass case?

The plain truth is, of course, that an agency which seems merely to be serving out photographic fact, is, in reality, exerting the most potent and subtle species of influence. It builds up its own canons of the sort of fact that it is proper to retail. We will not say that Reuter's saw the world steadily and whole, but it saw it "correctly." It was not the world as, let us say, Anatole France or Mr. Galsworthy see it. It was the world as decent black-coated functionaries in banks and public offices would have the masses see it. It reported, fairly enough, as a rule, what men of the same type with similar black coats were saying and doing in other countries, and if strikers or revolutionaries did force their way into its field of vision, it helped us to see them as "all the right-minded" and "the compact majority" are wont to see them. That is probably inevitable, and any other agency with the same national position would have done much the same thing in much the same way. It is by such means that the compact majority is kept together, and Reuter's was a reliable drill-sergeant, who kept us all to our marching pace, and dressed us efficiently by the right. The Agency acquired inevitably a semi-official tone. It stood for British interests as the Foreign Office sees them, and in reporting the internal affairs of foreign countries, its bias was usually governmental, though with some subtle variations. Of this it would be futile to complain. The Agency grew up as an annex of a cosmopolitan banking business. It was bound to reflect the views here of "official circles," there of colonists' clubs, and everywhere of the mercantile or governing class. The bias was probably as unconscious as it was inevitable. An Agency which had acted otherwise could never have collected its news. The most that one can exact in such cases is that there shall be no deliberate suppression or distortion of vital facts, no conscious dishonesty, no corrupt reflection of interested views. Reuter's has, on the whole, stood in its long and useful career by the average standard, a high standard as the world goes, of British journalistic ethics.

On such agencies as Reuter's we shall depend for our news, and therefore for the stuff of our thinking, while the present structure of society survives. It might be a better plan that newspapers should maintain a co-operative news service, subject to their own collective control. But we doubt if such a service would be substantially better or less conservative than the steady, reliable chronicles of Reuter, though we think it would probably be rather more vivid, rather more readable, and less obsessed by the tyranny of the bare literal "fact." But if nations are really to come into closer touch after this war, the democracy will have to find some much more sensitive organ of communication. It is the progressive parties who suffer most in their thinking by the dominance of the colorless but invariably conservative agency. One expedient would be the reduction by international agreement of the cost of foreign press telegrams. Another possible device would be a combination among "advanced" newspapers to maintain a collective news service of their own, inspired by some reasonably progressive view of society and of international relations. There has been talk of a world-wide Socialist news-agency, which has not yet come into being. A cosmopolitan news-agency, controlled by some neutral country like Holland or Switzerland in the interests of peace, might do an immense service in knitting together

the potential links of fraternity among peoples. Some corrective of this kind there ought to be to the more official Agencies, which are inevitably national and partisan in their outlook. For let us not forget that we were, as the world goes, very fortunate in our Reuter. The French Havas is a far less competent and a much more slavishly official machine. Of the German Wolff, one can hardly speak in Parliamentary language. It, at least, realized something of the dizzy possibilities of its position, and made a nation's thinking by a bold and adventurous handling of fact. Let us once more praise the great for their modesty. They do, on the whole, leave us access to the air, the mountains, and the well of truth. But it is wise from time to time to subject their well to expert analysis, and an alert democracy might venture once in a way to dip its own bucket.

ENGLISH MUSIC, PAST AND PRESENT.

III.—THE PROSPECT.

I FIND that my closing remarks in my last article have been misunderstood in some quarters. When I spoke of the necessity of our concentrating on the discovery of "the next great man" I did not mean, of course, that in any given period in any given country there was necessarily one composer, and one only, who was worth troubling about. There may be many, each of them supreme, or almost so, in some particular field; the German-speaking races, for example, had at almost the same time such men as Wagner, Brahms, Cornelius, Bruckner, Wolf, and Strauss. All I meant was that it is only for the fostering of really significant composers that the nation as a whole can be expected to put forth any great effort. Of composers of the second or third order also we shall be glad to have as many as the country can produce. But there is no need to set any special apparatus at work to discover and encourage these. Every country is swarming with them; high musical ability is no rarer than high ability in engineering, journalism, or law. It is for the superlative mind, that, without the proper encouragement, might be lost or diverted into some other channel, that we must try to make the musical career as hopeful as possible.

All schemes for the regeneration of English music beat themselves in vain against the one immovable rock—our musical public is neither large enough to be an economic or even a moral encouragement to a great composer, nor intelligent enough to know its great composer when he shall come. There are not half a dozen first-class orchestras in all Britain: in the whole country there are not five towns that can support a musical life that the average German would call adequate. The British musical public is the least educated in Europe. From a people so lacking in culture it is useless to expect great composers. If a Beethoven were to arise in England tomorrow, this country would be the one in which his chances of recognition would be the smallest. The vast majority of our populace have not got as far yet as the later Wagner: while even to the average intelligent concert-goer such highly respectable classics as Strauss and Debussy are supposed to be the very last word in ultra-modernity. Our British audiences have found Elgar's best orchestral work—his second symphony—far beyond them. The reason for this backwardness is of course not any defect in the musical nature of the Briton *quâ* Briton, but merely that he does not hear enough music to make his mind a musical organ, capable of adjusting itself to a new point of view in art. We are in a vicious circle: we have so few concerts because people are not sufficiently educated in music to wish to go to

concerts, while this insufficient education in turn is due to the fact that we have so few concerts. Whether we shall ever escape from this circle I do not know; certainly the more familiar anyone is with English musical life the less sanguine will he be as to our doing so. Not only does our public not go to concerts; it takes no interest in the literary side of music. Critical and historical books have so small a sale here that it is only incorrigible idealists who persist in writing them at considerable loss to themselves. Our musical journals are few in number, and, for the most part, not overburdened with subscribers. The whole situation is an ironic commentary on the foolishness of our method of teaching music and the impotence of our great music-teaching institutions. These institutions turn out pianists and fiddlers and singers with the cheerful rapidity of a factory turning out nails; but hardly two per cent. of these tens of thousands are either taught to love music or to understand it. Nor is it possible to look for any improvement in this respect so long as English musical education has for its ideal, not the kind of culture that we understand by that word in connection with literature, but the producing of endless numbers of barely competent performers, the passing of foolish examinations, and the winning of degrees and letters that are a mere derision to everyone but the noodles who strive after them and the institutions that grant them.

From this quarter any improvement in English musical culture is not to be looked for. Nor is it to be expected that the public as a whole will manifest any burning desire to improve itself. The love of art for its own sake is too feeble a thing among us for that; our populace is incapable, for instance, of the idealism of purpose and unity of spirit that has just endowed Berlin with a new theatre—the largest in the capital, the “*Neue Freie Volksbühne*”—costing four and a half million marks, all of it provided by the subscriptions of the working classes. If we wait till the demand for good music and plentiful music stimulates the supply of it, we may wait till doomsday. With us the demand must be coaxed into tardy being by the supply. Music will have to be provided for the people at reasonably cheap rates. Great works must be performed again and again, in spite of poor houses, until the public has learned to understand and appreciate them. We must abandon the quaint notion that music, any more than our art galleries, can ever be made to “pay.” It is hardly to be expected that our municipalities will subsidize music as they subsidize art, and if such subsidies meant municipal control we should be better without them. There is no hope for English music, or for music in England, except from the endowment of it by private beneficence. An adequately endowed orchestra in any town will in ten years make a public for the best there is in music; without an endowment it is at the mercy of its subscribers, who for the most part are at present so ill-educated as to be a perpetual drag on the concerts, which must either make both ends meet by incessantly repeating the same score or two of familiar works, or give up altogether. And not only to the actual performing of music should endowments be applied. A reading musical public is as necessary to genuine culture as a listening public. At present it is not merely the general public that is lacking in culture of this kind; one hardly ever meets with it among students or teachers. I doubt, for instance, whether, of all the thousands of young people who are this week learning a Brahms or Strauss or Hugo Wolf song, one in five hundred of them could say when these composers were born or died, what are the distinguishing marks of

the lyrics of each of them, or what other music they have written besides the particular song that is being studied. No one who mingles much with English musical students will say that this estimate of their musical culture disparages them unjustly.

Only by a general widening and deepening of our musical life, then, can we hope to create an environment that will be favorable to the emergence of great native composers; while that environment can be created only by private munificence—whether on the part of one individual in a given community or a number of individuals—providing the public with a continuous supply of good music that will in time stimulate a healthy demand for it. But every effort of this kind will be frustrated unless our concert societies give more regard than they have hitherto done to the economics of the question. One main reason for music being in such a parlous state in this country is that ninety per cent. of the leading soloists are overpaid. They will cry out at this statement; but their own actions show that in their heart of hearts they know it to be true. A pianist, let us say, charges a concert society in Manchester £25 for playing a piano concerto in no better style than some hundred other pianists could do. He is not worth anything like £25 to the concert, in the sense that the inclusion in or omission of his name from the programme will not make anything like that difference in the receipts. He himself knows perfectly well that his market value with the public is nothing like £25. He knows that if he were to go to Manchester and give a recital he would be lucky, in many cases, to clear twenty-five shillings. What he does at a concert, then, is simply to use the organization that the local people maintain with such difficulty and at such expense, in order to extract a fee that is double or treble what he is actually worth; and the practical outcome of it all is that orchestral music in this country is crippled in order that singers, pianists and violinists—and in some cases conductors—may earn larger incomes than either their merits, as compared with workers in other professions, or their drawing power with the public, entitle them to.

For this evil there is only one remedy—a combination among the concert societies of the whole country that will fix a proper tariff for performers, and give these people the option of accepting a certain fee from any one of the societies or being engaged by none. The performers cannot complain if such a combination comes into being; as they claim the right to conduct their own affairs on a purely business basis, they can have no grievance if the people who employ them apply business methods to their side of the bargain. As a matter of fact, the performers would probably not suffer in the long run, for at more reasonable fees they would be likely to get more engagements; while each concert society would find it easier to carry out what after all is the most important part of its functions—the providing of good orchestral music. Such a combination as this will in all probability soon be of greater urgency than ever. The resentment created by the German conduct of the war will make it impossible, for some time, for German performers to visit us in such numbers as in the past; but we shall probably have a great French and Russian and Belgian invasion, and with the sentimentality that is part and parcel of us we shall almost certainly pay these good people much more than in strict reason they are worth. We should make it a rule from next season onwards never again to pay the preposterous fees that foreign conductors have hitherto exacted from us, nor the equally preposterous fees for the performing rights of foreign works that our

public has never shown a frantic anxiety to hear. Let no one delude himself with the notion that "the artistic temperament" unfits its possessor for business. There are no keener business men to be found anywhere than among musicians. And since the supplying of orchestral music is largely a matter of the balancing of receipts and expenditure, our concert societies must meet business rigor with business rigor. Their strength—and it is, if they only knew it, an overwhelming strength—lies in combination. A rational administration of the finance of concert-giving will do more in ten years for English music than all the appeals of our minor composers to the "patriotism" of our audiences will do in fifty.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

In a gravelly stickle of the brook there are, to the man who comes quietly, two trout, heads upstream, rudders strongly waving so that the current is just counteracted, and eyes focussed on the surface, so that nothing comes down that is not inspected, and, if it proves satisfactory, engulfed. Every day, the two trout are there, not only in the same stickle, but each in the same part of it. The larger and stronger one is highest upstream, so that he gets the first choice of everything that comes down, the lesser and weaker one heads up behind him, as closely as he dare, so as to make the very most of what is left. If two flies at once are flicked into the stream, sometimes the head trout manages with two quick dashes to secure them both, sometimes the tail trout gets one of them. So the head trout turns now and then, and fiercely chases the other well over the imaginary frontier, and sometimes right out of the shallow pool. These dashes have to be very rapidly executed and the head place in the pool resumed at once, lest any flotsam should go by unseen.

There is not a great deal to choose between these two trout as to size or other worthiness, so little that the price of headship is unrelaxing vigilance. A worm or two too many allowed to drift to the jackal might make a lion of him, and give him strength and weight to oust the other from his headship. The headship, too, of this slight pool is but a step to higher things, as a little further investigation of the politics of the stream will show. A yard or two higher up, an everlasting waterfall plunges with mellow babble into a pool of real depth. When the white fountain reaches the surface, instead of going straight downstream, it makes a circuit to the back of the fall, spreading a cirrus of foam on the deep glass of the pool. And in a wisely chosen hole under the fall, to the periscope of which all manner of eatables are brought by the current, lives a super-trout, as fish go in this tiny brook, living idly and richly on the fat of the waters. He can sometimes be seen in the open brook with another trout in his mouth, for he has power of life and death over them. The home is exclusively his. There is no need of a burglary insurance, for, while he lives, no other trout will dare take that sanctuary. Others may come into the pool when great danger threatens, but not into his den, except as food.

We know it to be so, because we can at any time drop a worm into that pool, just where the eddy would drop it, draw up the super-trout, and cook him and eat him. We ate him a week ago, and he is still there, not quite so large as before, though he soon will be, but just as undisputed in his monarchy as he has been during the last fifty years. It is, of course, his understudy, the head trout of the stickle that has taken his place. Perhaps he hesitated an hour or so, then, seeing that much more came down the stream than before, moved gradually up, and, finding

his vague suspicion correct and the place vacant, took it, at first, perhaps, with a sense of unworthiness, but later with complete conviction of his fitness for the post. Still more automatically, the tail trout became head trout of the sunny shallow, and somewhere from Nature's inexhaustible magazine of reserves came a troutling to take up the office of tail trout in his place. The measure of the new head trout's officiousness and anxiety against the new tail trout is the measure of his former eagerness to poach on the preserve then ahead of his. The sudden step forward of the new tail trout from obscurity has fired him with ambition of yet higher things, and he is playing the part just as eagerly as the old one did. The fear of the heron drives him, perhaps, as hard as the magnet of food draws him, for more than once we have seen head trout or tail trout, or both, renewed without the hole under the fall having become vacant.

Nowhere can Nature afford to have her play spoilt for lack of an understudy. There is not time to be lost in the short summer that must see the whole thing through. The best places must be filled at all costs. The gardener, who has tried to keep the hole in the walnut-tree vacant of starlings, has used a box of cartridges in vain. No sooner is one bird killed, and it apparently matters not whether it be the cock or the hen, than the widow or widower brings home another. The walnut-tree hole is evidently considered a palace in starlingdom. Somewhere or other, surely, a less richly endowed starling mourns the elopement of a runaway mate, or can there be a large number of single starlings about that, though not to be tempted to undertake matrimony from the beginning, will come to a household that has been started for them? Either solution might be equally feasible in the case of this common bird. The same thing happens when a magpie is shot at a finished nest, and it is true that there are many magpies about. But when a rare bird like the peregrine loses its mate from the only eyrie for scores of miles around, the survivor will go away and, after an interval scarcely more than suited to the task of going and coming, will bring back a new bride or bridegroom. The latter is more likely. The hen peregrine can frequently be seen in spring with two strings to her bow, the other kind of trio being rarely or never seen. Nature, perhaps, keeps the second as understudy to the first. The golden eagle seems to know the individuals of its kind a thousand miles round, and can quickly get a new mate somewhere in Europe, if the eyrie is a fine one.

If we would find any wild thing, we have only to look for it in the best place and it is found, the only difficulty being that none but the wild thing itself can easily know the marks of the best place. The wood is divided from a south-sloping bank by a wall of unmortared stones. One spot in its length is the sunniest, or just there a cavity makes the best den. Never for long is that spot without its viper sunning among the wild strawberry or slowly drawing her length within the shelter of the wall. She has been killed there many times, but there is always another in waiting to take so favored a place. There is room for one moor-hen's nest at a pond in the wood, and always a pair of moor-hens there. It is probably an entail, for it is always with difficulty that the old birds drive away their young when they are grown up. Home appeals to them strongly, and when anything happens to the old folk, there is sure to be a son or daughter ready to claim the family pool. There is room in the garden for one rabbit to snatch a precarious guerilla living. The brigand does not make many raids before he is bowled over, but shortly there is another to take his place. There is never evidence of two taking toll

of the cabbages at the same time. The trail from the wood is marked "private," and it is only when the scent grows cold that the understudy dares to follow the path and annex the new pitch.

Nature abhors a plenum as well as a vacuum. The pressure of population against the means of subsistence is felt among the supers, but not in the high places. At the point of the pyramid only one competitor threatens; the others neutralize their efforts in the quarrel for second place. Lower down, there may be a chaos of struggle, nobody faring better than another, and all starving or just surviving together. A winter case will point the argument better. Where woodcock are numerous, a frost will kill them in numbers and set the others searching for new soft places. Many a far-away dingle where a little stream makes a rood or two spongy, becomes the refuge of one woodcock. Two would live there fairly well, and three would be far better off than many must be elsewhere; yet the dingle never contains more than one at a time. That one bagged, another soon takes its place, and there must be a general post among the birds extending for thousands of miles, notable and less notable promotions down the line of safe places, and an imperceptible ripple in the great pool of the unemployed.

Every day some new unit from abroad slips into its place for the summer season. The chiff-chaff has its hedge of last year, the willow warbler the very same blackberry spray to sing from. The butcher-bird will surely come, and about three pairs of fly-catchers to the square mile. They are the same birds wherever possible, but there are dozens of happenings that might have prevented them from rejoining. Thousands perish at the lighthouses, armies can be drifted leagues out of their reckoning by unusual winds, old-age mortality should be thirty or forty per thousand. Yet the places are filled to the very day as they were last year. The reserves are drawn on without a hitch, and the posts are all filled.

Communications.

AGRICULTURAL LABOR AND THE CRISIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All persons of democratic convictions, and all those in particular who desire that our nation should throw the power of a democracy into this momentous struggle, will welcome the new spirit in which the workers in the armament firms are being treated. This method of responsible co-operation, in which the workmen, hitherto too often regarded as the servants of the employers, take their place as citizens serving the nation, must and will be extended to other industries. It is the secret of good work, of sustained effort, of national strength. As a great Englishman said in pleading for a Reform of Parliament during the great war with France, "if you wish for power, you must look to liberty." The answer of the trade unionists of Newcastle last week, shows how truly that same Englishman spoke when he said that the way to make men come forward to support the State was to make them part of the State. Many a man who would grudge his first ounce of strength to an employer who was growing richer with the war, will gladly sacrifice his last to the nation that asks for the help of its citizens.

Is it too late to ask the Government to apply this democratic principle to the case of an industry second only to that of war munitions in its national importance at this moment? At present the contrast is glaring and painful. For in this case the worst examples of our history have been followed with what those who recall the language of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George on the wrongs of the agricultural laborer can only regard as a strange absence of mind. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have both described the agricultural laborer as

powerless to defend himself against his employer; they have deplored the absence of effective trade-union combination; they have urged the necessity for Wages Boards and for the protection of the laborer in other respects by the State. Agriculture, like the armament industries, needs more labor; of agriculture, as of the armament industries, it is true that the whole nation has a vital interest in its progress and success. On every ground, therefore, it would seem pre-eminently reasonable to treat the scarcity of labor in the two industries in the same way. For some inscrutable reason the two cases have been treated on opposite principles. In the one case, the men are consulted; they are parties to the special arrangements for meeting the emergency; their unions are acknowledged, and a tribunal is set up for deciding disputes concerning wages and other matters. In the other case, the remedy is simpler; the Education Laws are suspended. What would the House of Commons say if the problem of the North-east Coast and the Clyde had been treated in this spirit; if Mr. Lloyd George had told them: "There is a pressing difficulty in the armament works because labor is scarce, but I have adjusted it by inviting the great ship-builders and the great engineers to take the children from the schools"? There would have been two comments. He would have been reminded that this labor would not suffice, and that the trade unionists were too formidable to be brushed aside. When the Government announce precisely this policy in the case of the agricultural laborer, a disagreeable suspicion springs to the mind that if the laborers had not been in the position described with so much feeling two years ago by leading Ministers, no Government would dare to disregard their claims for consideration. Instead, therefore, of saying that the trade unionists are too strong to be brushed aside, we have sadly to reflect that they are too weak to extort justice. But the other comment is pertinent. Child labor is no solution of the problem; it is a positive aggravation.

Let those who doubt this turn to the articles published in the "Times" from the pen of so high an authority as the writer of the famous book, "A Pilgrimage of British Farming." The writer shows that the disease of our agriculture is the disease of low wages. The old-fashioned farmers "have simply hung on to the idea that the old rate of pay was the only right and possible one, and made shift as best they could to resist a change." "It is an unpalatable topic," he says, in his second article, published on April 13th, "but the best service one can render the farmer at the present time is to persuade him that only an immediate and substantial rise of wages will keep his active men upon the soil at all. It is not a case of right or wrong, but a common-sense question of how much a man can obtain from some other employer than the farmer. Even before the war the farm laborer, after all consideration had been given for cheap houses and gardens, allowances in kind, extra money at harvest and hay time, was still the worst paid working man in the kingdom, working the longest hours, without a weekly half-holiday, and cut off, too, from those enjoyments of the town—shops and picture palaces—which, deprecate them as we may, are in practice attractions that help to determine migration. Any hesitation to meet this competition at the present time is likely to result in the farmer losing his hold on the country laborer in a manner that can never be recovered." The writer thinks that the choice before our agriculture lies between good wages with intensive farming and machinery, and poor wages with scarce labor and a policy of "ranching," disastrous to the interests of the State.

It is interesting to picture the future of agriculture if Mr. Hall's ideal is pursued. He foresees scientific farming with the extensive use of machinery, and the agricultural laborer becoming a highly-paid skilled artisan. At the end of the war he thinks there will be a great many ex-soldiers whose taste for indoor occupation has been killed. These men will want access to the land, and on his scheme this new supply of labor will result in agriculture becoming more intensive. Agriculture, that is to say, will be carried on during the war with less labor than it really needs, the use of machinery supplementing the deficiency. "Such machinery and methods will enable us to keep our land at its present pitch of cultivation, despite the loss of laborers caused by the war. After the war, when further men become available, it would render possible more intensive systems of cultivation to absorb these men, and they would be paid good wages

because they would become skilled artisans with a larger output per man." It will be seen that Mr. Hall's scheme presents a number of remarkably interesting and important considerations. In the first place, the development of machinery might become, what it has rarely been, a development bringing blessings to the workers instead of merely increasing the power of their employers. When the economists of last century congratulated the workpeople of Lancashire on the triumphs of invention, they were like Christian Europe congratulating the aborigines of Africa on the invention of the Maxim gun. But if the introduction of machinery were accompanied by this change in the status of the agricultural laborer—if, that is to say, the farmer was obliged to put a value on him, the effect in this case would be just the contrary: many of the disadvantages of his position as a combatant would disappear. The cottage famine would vanish, and as a well-paid man he would be strong enough to combine. He would derive from his new position a strength that he has never derived from the scarcity of labor; for hitherto, as a rule, the farmer, confronted with that scarcity, has preferred to sacrifice good farming rather than pay the wages needed to attract labor. But perhaps the most interesting prospect suggested in Mr. Hall's articles is the prospect of a re-settlement of England by colonies of co-operators working with the new machinery. "By the time the war is over," Mr. Hall remarks, "the country will have grown accustomed to a good many short cuts." When the men come back from the trenches the nation will be in no mood to tell them that they are to go back to live in their employer's cottage, working on their employer's terms, forbidden the amenities of other employments, branded as the one class that still lives in the shadow of the old Combination Laws; or that the England for which they have fought and bled is just this old familiar bondage to the farmer and the squire. The nation may then find a shorter cut to the satisfaction of his desires than any agrarian programme yet outlined, and the old co-operative village may re-appear in a new form adapted to modern conditions.

For our immediate purposes it is important to note that in the opinion of this high authority the whole future of agriculture depends on teaching the farmer the value of high wages, and that the effect of the policy of taking the children from the schools is precisely the contrary. It gives sanction and encouragement to his fatal superstition that low wages and economical labor are the same thing; it helps him "to make shift" once again, at the cost of the children, the laborers, and the nation.

J. L. HAMMOND.

Letters to the Editor.

GENERAL JOFFRE'S STRATEGY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, although having no military authority to place against his, question the conclusions of the writer of your article on "German Strategy and Tactics," and some of his details? Of the Eastern campaign, I know nothing; but after having studied the campaign in France and Belgium as well as is yet possible, with the advantage of seeing much of the ground, and speaking with many of the men prominently concerned, I should say that previous experiences of the advantage of flank attack have been very fully confirmed. What does the long winter deadlock in the West mean but that there were no more open flanks to attack, and that neither side could pierce the other's front?

I can see only two considerable pieces of strategy in the Western campaign so far—one a German, and one a French success; and both of them depended on a flank attack. The writer names them both, but seems to think they depended upon frontal piercing. The first was the movement which procured the French retreat from Charleroi, sealed the fate of Namur, and left the British hanging in the air for some perilous hours at Mons. Your contributor says the result "was produced by a frontal attack across the Meuse by von Hausen. Piercing the French centre, von Hausen at once took the 5th French army, at Charleroi, in the rear, and threatened the left flank of the 4th French Army on the Meuse." How can the words italicised be justified? Surely

the frontal attack was that of von Bülow, up the Meuse and Sambre valleys. Von Hausen's lesser force (apparently a second thought in the plan of the invasion) struck westward through the Central Ardennes, and across the Meuse at Dinant. There it ought to have been stopped by De Langle de Cary's left wing; but his right had been defeated by the Wurtembergers about Paliseul and Neufchateau, in the Southern Ardennes, and he withdrew his left up the valley to Givet. Thus, Lanrezac's flank south-east of Charleroi was uncovered; he withdrew southward; and the British had to withdraw similarly. The French official review of the operations recently published by Reuter specifically says that the 5th Army retired from Charleroi, "being perturbed by the belief that the enemy was threatening its right"—i.e., its east flank.

Sir John French's despatches leave upon me the impression that, during the retreat, the danger on the Western flank was greater than on the front; and it seems very doubtful whether any of the British force would have escaped had not the 5th French Army been moved right across its rear on August 29th, to meet the shock between St. Quentin and Guise.

The Battle of the Marne is, however, a much more interesting and crucial instance, not only because of its immense extent and the numbers of men involved, but because the French Generalissimo here put his art to the supreme test on ground he had himself chosen. And, though but a layman, confident until this event that grand strategy was a thing of the past, I will venture (pending proof to the contrary) to say, first, that General Joffre's strategy in the Battle of the Marne is unequalled in recent warfare; and, secondly, that a wave-like series of flank attacks was essential to its success.

Why, in the first place, should this particular ground have been chosen—the 170 miles stretch between Paris and Verdun—at the cost of the loss of so much national territory? For several reasons: it was the best line for reinforcement and supply; but, above all, because the strong places of Paris and Verdun gave flank protection, and bases for flank attack. Your contributor says that "every General knows where a flank attack must fall." Every General knows, or should know, the weak point of his own flanks, but it by no means follows that he knows what strength can be thrown against it, or when. We must suppose that von Kluck, in particular, was surprised by the strength of the attack on his west flank, or that he had taken leave of his senses altogether. We know, in fact, that he was led on south-eastward, across the rivers and well on to the Brie Plateau—where his advance columns were engaged with Franchet d'Esperey's (5th) Army—by the belief that the only effective force he had to deal with on the Ourcq was a rag-tag body hastily gathered under Maunoury. In fact, however, the British force, momentarily withdrawn behind the Crecy woods, was reinforced and in good trim; and General Joffre had also a hidden reserve with which he strengthened the new 6th French Army at the critical moment. Von Kluck made desperate efforts to envelop Maunoury, even bringing a Corps (the 9th) round to Betz from the Marne—with the result of expediting the British advance toward Meaux. The Battle of the Ourcq must have been a vast surprise to the German commander; and he would hardly have held out for three days but for the need (1) of arranging with his colleagues for a parallel retreat, and (2) of preparing positions on the Aisne.

This was the chief and decisive flank attack; but it was followed by a series of smaller similar operations, the idea of each being to bring a local superiority of force to bear upon two fronts. Thus, while Maunoury and the British were pursuing von Kluck to the Aisne, D'Esperey turned eastward against the fore-flank of von Bülow, who was frontally held by the left of the new 7th Army (or 9th, as your contributor and some other writers call it) of General Foch. Here a pure accident made a frontal piercing of the German line possible—a rain-storm caught the Prussian Guard Artillery in the half-reclaimed marshland of St. Gond—and Foch was not the man to lose such an opportunity. But then he turned north-eastward over the edge of the Sezanne Plateau into the Plain of Champagne, and struck at the flank of the Saxons (not "von Hausen's Army"—for von Hausen and some of his corps had been removed to the

Russian front—but some Saxon remnants). Next day Foch was in Châlons; and the Duke of Württemberg, faced frontally by De Langle de Cary, and threatened in flank by Foch, was in full retreat across Champagne. There remained only the unfortunate Crown Prince of Prussia, and the same combination of frontal attack (by De Langle's right) and flank attack (by Sarraill's Army, hanging round Verdun to the Southern Argonne) disposed of him.

The great victory of the Marne may be said to have been scientifically obtained by a strategical retreat to a line where the French advantages of position and numbers were at a maximum; and these advantages were used by means of a recurrent combination of flank and frontal attack, so that at the critical points two bodies of the Allies were brought against one of the enemy. So, at least, I read the facts. It is one of the lesser offences of the Censorship that it has prevented us in this country from doing full justice to General Joffre's historic achievement.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

April 19th, 1915.

[It is difficult to know how to answer Mr. Perris, for he disclaims "military authority," which should have made him slow to write of what is purely a military affair, and he admits that he knows "nothing" of the Eastern campaign, where most of the decisive actions of the war have taken place. He seems to have a definite theory. "What does the long winter deadlock in the West mean? . . ." he exclaims; and his answer is that it means that "neither side could pierce the other's front." This, in the face of the bungle of Neuve Chapelle, which should have taught Mr. Perris that piercing the front is a minor matter as compared with the *sequela*. This winter deadlock is serving its purpose, and surely it needs little thought to discover that. Mr. Perris seems to be anxious to defend General Joffre; but if the French Generalissimo could not pierce his enemy's centre with a million and a quarter men in reserve, he would need a better apologist than Mr. Perris, who, characteristically, does not mention what is the chief proof of Joffre's competence—viz., that he so early saw the flank counter-offensive which lay implicit in the German advance.

As for Mr. Perris's second paragraph, which aims at disproving the theory advanced as to the Battle of Charleroi, it merely justifies the theory; for as he says: "The French official review of the operations recently published by Reuter specifically says that the 5th Army retired from Charleroi, 'being perturbed by the belief that the enemy was threatening its right'—i.e., its east flank." The French official review refers to Langle de Cary's army as part of the French centre, and the article preserved that nomenclature. Von Hausen pierced Langle de Cary's front, turned his flank (the French General "withdrew" it, Mr. Perris says), and took Laurezac's army in the rear—right rear, naturally.

Mr. Perris talks of such things as "the weak point of his own flanks." Mr. Perris has forgotten that flanks are made, not born. Von Kluck so little thought that Maunoury's force was a "rag-tag body" that he left two corps across the Ourcq to watch it, and he also left two cavalry divisions to attend to the British.

No account of the Marne operations can obscure the fact that after "the chief and decisive flank attack" there was no decision, and the German centre was still holding. The resolution of that critical point, we prefer to hold, was due to Foch's piercing his opponent's front. It certainly cannot have been due to the movement already complete. It is typical of Mr. Perris to speak of "some of his corps" as though this "lesser" army of von Hausen had a dozen or so. And it is further typical that he sums up in language I might quite justly have used—that the victory of the Marne was achieved "by means of a recurrent combination of flank and frontal attack"—but that I preferred to use words with but one meaning.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

CHILD LABOR AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article on Mr. Henderson's book, "The New Faith," in a recent issue of THE NATION, contains a warning to which we should do well to give heed, that the "well-attested progeny of man" are "poverty, disease, discontent, taxation, and militarism."

On all sides we find a general consensus of opinion that, unless foresight is shown now, peace when the war is over may be little less disastrous than war itself. It is agreed that there will be great dislocation of industry and much unemployment. I should be grateful if you would allow me to draw the attention of your readers to one simple, common-sense method of easing the latter. The proposal will, I think, appeal to that "mental and moral activity of the nation" to which the writer of the article rightly looks as a force for diminishing the evils which will inevitably follow the war.

I believe that at the present time there is sufficient social consciousness in the nation as a whole to provide that no child under the age of sixteen shall become a wage-earner; at least, until the last able-bodied unemployed adult has been set to work. The proposal is not by any means new. Rank and file propagandists in the organized working-class movement have for years past dealt with it in discussion lectures all over the country; sufficient work of the unreported kind has been done to bring the matter well within the region of practical politics. Editors of trade union journals, even in textile districts, have not hesitated to allow it to be advocated in their columns; and it has been endorsed at many successive Trade Union Congresses, which have instructed the Parliamentary Committee to bring it before the Minister of Education. The economic difficulty would be met by the maintenance grant also demanded by the Congress.

Since the war began we have got accustomed to the idea of "allowances" for the wives and children of sailors and soldiers. We have now merely to extend the application of the principle to the children of the soldiers of the industrial army, who, when they return from the war, crowned with military glory, may possibly resent the degradation of being blacklegged by little children. The fighting spirit engendered by the war may under such circumstances express itself in ways at once unpleasant and expensive to the community. Thus it is possible that the nation may find it would "pay" to maintain and educate the children under sixteen, instead of leaving them to compete with adult labor in the labor market.—Yours, &c.,

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel House, Working Women's College.

ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND AUSTRIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to the declaration of the I.L.P. that your phrase—"in the midst of this there crashes in Germany's ultimatum to Russia"—is a deliberate misrepresentation of the situation, it will perhaps be interesting to them to have an Austrian opinion on that head. I met an Austrian acquaintance a few weeks ago who had come here direct from Vienna for a brief holiday. He spoke of the fever and tension which exists in Vienna, and very bitterly of the way that Austria had been victimized by Germany. The ultimatum to Serbia was, he said, a result of the deep-rooted ill-feeling that exists between the Austrian and Serbian Courts, and a proof of Austria's short-sighted diplomacy. But he was convinced that the matter would have been smoothed over with Russia if Germany, profiting by Austria's blunder, had not issued the ultimatum to Russia to force Austria to make common cause with her in a war. "The invasion of Belgium was a crime," he said, also very strongly. He declared that the two victims of the war were Austria and Belgium. When I said that Germany would be made to pay for all she had broken, he replied with bitter scepticism—"She will pay nothing, you will see. She is always lucky. She will come out scot free. It is Austria that will pay—that has paid." He said that there was, in Austria, none of the enmity towards England which is so prevalent in Germany, and that for Austria to be making war on France was a great absurdity. "We have always been the best of friends with France. An alliance with France would have been the natural and right one for us, whereas an alliance with Italy, our inveterate enemy, was ridiculous—against all reason." This conversation serves at least to show that the case against Germany is not only an English invention.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. WATSON.

Villa Violetta, Bon Part, Territet.

MR. HARVEY DARTON ON MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I usually prefer other people's opinions to my own; and I have no objection to being called a moralist. But I don't like to be told that I have not said what I have said. Your Penguin ("les pingouins se transformèrent . . . ils étaient enclins à regarder de côté . . .") argues, in his friendly notice of my little book on Mr. Arnold Bennett, that Mr. Bennett's "self-identification with the world of which he writes gives him the place he holds in English fiction"; and he argues thus as against my plainly implied disagreement. But that self-identification and its uniqueness are just what I insisted upon very clearly. I say (p. 114) that Mr. Arnold Bennett not merely portrays middle-class life, but "speaks with its voice"; that in his greater books "there is nothing but life as the people described live it and see it and feel it" (p. 115); that "that epoch of industrial evolution and that society have never appeared in English fiction before" (p. 114); and that "that is the great and new importance of Arnold Bennett's work." There are three whole pages, in a very small book, to that effect. I am on the side of the Penguins who believe that Mr. Arnold Bennett "will be read by our grand-children" for his Five Towns qualities and Five Towns truth; and I said so.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. HARVEY DARTON.

33, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W.

April 20th, 1915.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Cross's article on "State Ownership of the Liquor Trade" in your current issue is able, and might be interesting—at another time. One needs to be rather cold-blooded to take much interest in it just now.

For what is the situation? Europe writhes in the agony of the cruellest war ever known. Our brave soldiers perish, "rolled in blood and mud," in the trenches. Hapless prisoners in Germany are starved and brutally maltreated—"kicked in the stomach"—longing for the release of death. And this state of things is being prolonged, week by week, by the continuance of the liquor traffic, reducing our national efficiency in a hundred ways, as well as in the crucial matter of ensuring a superabundant supply of munitions.

Surely there is only one thing to be done—to stop it; or, if we are not men enough for that, at least effectively to check it *instantly*. How can we wait to discuss complex questions of compensation?

Let us deal with the evil, and settle the compensation after. For my part, I do not believe there is the smallest fear that Englishmen will prove too selfish to sanction total prohibition for the war, if the Government will but give a lead and put the issue plainly. But, for God's sake, let them do what they dare do quickly.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

The Church House, Melbourne, Derby.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE AND SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The War Office and the public are at the present moment prostrate at the feet of Sir Almroth Wright and his typhoid inoculation.

With regard to the War Office, it is perhaps difficult to perceive what course they are to pursue in the middle of a great war except that of following the advice of the best medical authority they can find. It must be assumed, therefore, that the War Office genuinely believed in the dictums of this oracle of science.

Sir Joseph Lister was raised to the peerage in a halo of antiseptic spray, but now Sir Almroth Wright is reported in the "Times" to have said:—

"The ordinary man who applied antiseptics said antiseptics killed microbes. But there were interesting experiments which showed that the addition of antiseptics to

microbes in certain proportions caused the microbes to multiply."*

It certainly is perplexing to "the ordinary man" to find one extraordinary man of science extolled for discovering a germicide which another extraordinary man of science declares is a germ multiplier!

"The ordinary man" for whose ignorance Sir Almroth expresses his contempt believes on evidence that satisfies his unscientific mind that cleanliness of the body contributes to the preservation of health.

But Science, in the august person of this adviser of the War Office, informs a bewildered world that washing the skin removes a protective crust

"which is all round our bodies, like the tiles of a house."† and that he objects to Turkish baths because they

"take away one's horny protection."‡

"The ordinary man" has also formed his own conclusion that overcrowding and stuffy unventilated rooms are injurious to mankind, but this belief in the value of fresh air appears to be quite unscientific, for Sir Almroth Wright declares it to be

"a dreadful superstition. The whole of the doctrine of fresh air required to be revised."†

Moreover, this ornament of science extends his contempt to include, not only "the ordinary man," but the ordinary doctor, for he has declared that

"he had been in consultation with twenty-one doctors round a rich man's bed, and none of them knew anything about him."‡

With Sir Almroth himself and, I suppose, at least two nurses, there must have been, besides the rich man in the bed, two dozen people in that sick-room, the windows and doors of which, we may be sure, Sir Almroth had tightly closed; and if each of the twenty-one doctors was given adequate time to pronounce the diagnosis upon which Sir Almroth deduced his ignorance of the sick man's condition, there must have accumulated such a plentiful lack of fresh air in that chamber as to have by itself powerfully assisted the patient towards recovery.

Sir Almroth forgets to tell us whether besides the stuffy room he prescribed the accumulation of "a horny protection" on the rich man's body, and, indeed, we are left to guess whether he himself succeeded where the twenty-one ordinary doctors failed, or whether the rich man died in spite of all the twenty-two of them.

Rumor credits Sir Almroth Wright with having visited our Army in France, where one pictures him wringing his hands over the warm baths and the terrible amount of fresh air to which our troops are subjected.

It only remains for Sir Almroth to be elevated to the House of Lords for his beneficent and glorious scientific discovery that cleanliness and fresh air are inimical to health.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

The Ford, Chobham.

"MUTE AS A MACKEREL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of March 13th there appeared a most interesting article, entitled "The Bible and Popular Tradition." I notice that your contributor states that an old lady of his acquaintance made use of the expression, "Mute as mackerel," and such expression, he asserts, could never have been learned from a book.

May I point out that in Chapter IV. of "Denis Duval" the following occurs: "Here was a cry of 'Huzzay for the doctor! Huzzay for the Rector!' which I am afraid came from the mackerels, who were assembled by this time and were not mum, as fish generally are?"

"Mackerels" in this work of Thackeray's was a code word used by persons engaged in the illicit importation of taxable goods to denote what they really were, namely, "smugglers."

I do not know whether the word read in this sense was ever in actual use.—Yours, &c.,

R. E. W.

* "Times," March 31st, 1915.

† "Times," March 18th, 1911.

Poetry.

BATTLE.

Before Action.

I sit beside the brazier's glow,
And, drowsing in the heat,
I dream of daffodils that blow,
And lambs that frisk and bleat—

Black lambs that frolic in the snow
Among the daffodils,
In a far orchard that I know
Beneath the Malvern hills.

Next year the daffodils will blow,
And lambs will frisk and bleat:
But I'll not feel the brazier's glow,
Nor any cold or heat.

The Bayonet.

This bloody steel
Has killed a man.
I heard him squeal
As on I ran.

He watched me come,
With wagging head.
I pressed it home,
And he was dead.

Though clean and clear
I've wiped the steel,
I still can hear
That dying squeal.

The Question.

I wonder if the old cow died or not.
Gey bad she was the night I left, and sick.
Dick reckoned she would mend. He knows a lot—
At least he fancies so himself, does Dick.

Dick knows a lot. But maybe I did wrong
To leave the cow to him, and come away.
Over and over like a silly song
These words keep bumming in my head all day.

And all I think of, as I face the foe
And take my lucky chance of being shot,
Is this—that if I'm hit, I'll never know
Till Doomsday if the old cow died or not.

Deaf.

This day last year I heard the curlew calling
By Hallypike,
And the clear tinkle of hill-waters falling
Down slack and syke.

But now I cannot hear the shrapnel's screaming,
The screech of shells:
And if again I see the blue lough gleaming
Among the fells,

Unheard of me will be the curlew's calling
By Hallypike,
And the clear tinkle of hill-waters falling
Down slack and syke.

Mad.

Neck-deep in mud,
He mowed and raved—
He who had braved
The field of blood—

And as a lad
Just out of school
Yelled: "April fool!"
And laughed like mad.

Raining.

The night I left, my father said:
"You'll go and do some stupid thing.
You've no more sense in that fat head
Than Silly Billy Witterling.

"Not sense to come in when it rains—
Not sense enough for that, you've got.
You'll get a bullet through your brains,
Before you know, as like as not."

And now I'm lying in the trench
And shells and bullets through the night
Are raining in a steady drench,
I'm thinking the old man was right.

Sport.

And such a morning for cubbing—
The dew so thick on the grass!
Two hares are lolloping just out of range,
Scattering the dew as they pass.

A covey of partridges whirrs overhead
Scatheless, and gets clean away;
For it's other and crueller, craftier game
We're out for and after to-day!

His Father.

I quite forgot to put the spigot in.
It's just come over me. . . . And it is queer
To think he'll not care if we lose or win,
And yet be jumping mad about that beer.

I left it running full. He must have said
A thing or two. I'd give my stripes to hear
What he will say if I'm reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!

The Dancers.

All day beneath the hurtling shells
Before my burning eyes
Hover the dainty demoiselles—
The peacock dragon-flies.

Unceasingly they dart and glance
Above the stagnant stream—
And I am fighting here in France
As in a senseless dream—

A dream of shattering black shells
That hurtle overhead,
And dainty dancing demoiselles
Above the dreamless dead.

Victory.

I watched it oozing quietly
Out of the gaping gash.
The lads thrust on to victory
With lunge and curse and crash.

Half-dazed, that uproar seemed to me
Like some old battle-sound
Heard long ago, as quietly
His blood soaked in the ground.

The lads thrust on to victory
With lunge and crash and shout.
I lay and watched, as quietly
His life was running out.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "German Culture, Past and Present." By E. Belfort Bax. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Alpha and Omega: Essays." By Jane E. Harrison. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Story of the Hohenzollerns." By C. Sheridan Jones. (Jarrold. 5s. net.)
 "The Consort of Music: A Study of Interpretation and Ensemble." By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)
 "Rambles in Arcadia." By Arthur Grant. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Plays—The Black Maskers, The Life of Man, and The Sabine Women." By Leonid Andreyeff. (Duckworth. 6s.)
 "Fifty-one Tales." By Lord Dunsany. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Wonders of Wild Nature." By Richard Kerton. (Cassell. 6s.)
 "Kitchener Chaps." By A. Neil Lyons. (Lane. 1s. net.)
 "The Amateur Army." By Patrick Macgill. (Jenkins. 1s. net.)
 "Angela's Business." By Henry Sydnor Harrison. (Constable. 6s.)

A SYMPOSIUM on "The War and Literature" in the current number of "The Book Monthly" leaves the reader with the impression that most of the distinguished writers who take part in it are chary of making any definite pronouncement. One of the exceptions is Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is of opinion that the effect will be "ultimately for good," and he is supported by Mr. Marriott Watson, who believes that "an impulse will certainly be given to creative art." Mr. Marriott Watson is sure that there will be a revival in poetry, but not at all so sure that there will be one in fiction. Mr. W. L. George and Mrs. Alice Perrin incline to the view that the war will make very little difference in the world of books, though the majority of the novelists incline to the belief that it will have a sobering effect upon fiction, discourage eccentricities, and, as Mr. W. J. Locke hopes, make it more likely that "the tradition of the writers who have not won fame by standing on their heads may be the inspiration of the historians, novelists, and poets of to-morrow." But in spite of these practical aspirations, the general tone of the symposium is one of doubt, and is expressed in almost identical terms by Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett. Neither of them has the slightest idea as to what will happen to English literature because of the war.

If speculation on the future does not lead to any very definite opinion, some of the effects of the war on the world of books are already evident. The popularity of history and of fiction over other books, on which I commented some time ago, has increased rather than diminished. Those publishers who set themselves to supply this demand have no cause to regret their enterprise, and I have heard of one firm whose spring season has been better than any for several years past. Another tendency which is making itself felt with increasing force is the reduction in the price of books. This has been noticeable for some time past, but since the beginning of the war the cheap book has come to hold a much stronger position. Once people have become accustomed to paying a shilling or half-a-crown for books of a type that were formerly usually sold at five shillings, it will not be easy to revert to the earlier practice, and this will have a considerable effect on more expensive books as well. In "The Book Monthly" symposium, Mr. Wells tells us that he wishes he could believe that the war "would kill the six-shilling novel business and oblige publishers to become intelligent." As to the six-shilling novel business, I see few signs of it being injured by the tendency I have mentioned, and I very much doubt whether it will be killed as long as circulating libraries continue to exist.

WITHOUT subscribing to Mr. Wells's opinion of the intelligence of booksellers, one may note with satisfaction that they are at last showing signs of dissatisfaction with the existing machinery for the distribution of books. At a recent meeting of the Publishers' Association, one of the speakers pointed out the damage done to the trade by the position to which country booksellers have been reduced. This problem is an old one, older than most people imagine. In Mr. George Macmillan's privately printed volume of

"Letters of Alexander Macmillan," there is a letter from Alexander Macmillan to Gladstone, written in 1868, which discusses the question:—

"Whereas in former days," he wrote, "there used to be many booksellers who kept good stocks of solid standard books, one or more in every important town in England, and these booksellers lived by selling books, the case is now that in country towns few live by bookselling: the trade has become so profitless that it is generally the appendage to a toyshop, or a Berlin wool warehouse and a few trashy novels . . . and the bookseller who studies what books are good and worth recommending to his customer has ceased to exist. Intelligence and sympathy with literature have gone out of the trade, as a rule almost wholly. I believe the general intelligence of the country has suffered by it. My conviction, based on an experience of some thirty years, is that an intelligent bookseller in every town of any importance in the kingdom would be almost as valuable as an intelligent schoolmaster or parson."

AFTER nearly half a century, Alexander Macmillan's account of the state of bookselling is still true. The great bookselling organization outlined by Mr. Wells in "Mankind in the Making," which will convert the thorny path of the reader to any book he wants into an easy and pleasant road, is still to seek. Up to the present, publishers have been content to deplore the evil without taking any steps to remedy it. Sometimes they are a little impatient with people who criticize their inaction, and hint that the critic would do better to mind his own business. But improvement in the means of access to books is every reader's business, and any effort of the publishers to make it easier should be welcomed and furthered by all who are interested in the world of books. To quote again from Mr. Wells's remarks on the subject, "the question of book distribution is as vitally important to the intellectual health of a modern people as are open windows in a case of phthisis. No nation can live under modern conditions unless its whole population is mentally aerated with books."

MR. ROGER INGPEN, who some years ago edited the best edition of Shelley's letters that we possess, will include a considerable amount of fresh material relating to the poet's biography in his coming book on "Shelley in England," to be published by Messrs. Routledge. This fresh material consists of twenty-six new letters of Shelley and a large batch of family papers, quite recently discovered, which throw light upon Shelley's early years, some questions of his family history, and financial and other matters. All this new material was submitted to Professor Dowden shortly before his death. He expressed great interest in the discoveries, but felt unable, owing to his impaired health, to do more than advise upon their use.

UNDER the title of "Dugald Dalgetty and Scottish Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. James Mackie gives some details in "The Scottish Historical Review" about the lives of the adventurers who fought in every army in Europe during the seventeenth century. Scott explained in the introduction to "A Legend of Montrose" that his two main authorities for the character of Dalgetty were Sir James Turner's "Memoirs" and Colonel Robert Monro's "Expedition with the Worthy Scots Regiment." Mr. Mackie's examination of these sources has led him to a belief in the essential accuracy of Scott's picture. Courage and greed, pride and pedantry, were characteristic of these mercenaries, and Mr. Mackie has a curious explanation of the existence of the last quality. "The practical necessities of war," he tells us, "had led to a development of deep formations precisely at the time of the Renaissance, when men's minds were definitely turned upon the models of classical antiquity." In order to be able to drill the battalions of the day, a knowledge of the evolutions of the Macedonian phalanx was necessary, and practical soldiers studied their art in the old classical text-books. Such works as Ælian's "Tactica" and Vegetius's "De Re Militari" were in common use, and it was from these and their like that Dugald Dalgetty got his learning. This explains a feature in the Rittmaster's character for which many readers of Scott have not found it easy to account.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

MEDICINE-MAN OR REGULAR PRACTITIONER?

"The Healing of Nations, and the Hidden Sources of their Strife." By EDWARD CARPENTER. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)

I HAVE no feeling of prejudice against Mr. Edward Carpenter. Quite the contrary. I have read him with admiration. I have bought his tracts and given them to my friends. I have even on occasion worn sandals of his manufacture, and am prepared to believe that they will compare favorably with the boots made by Tolstoy. Also I agree with his main conclusions about the war. ("The only natural explanation is that the Germanic Powers on the whole thought it best, even as matters stood, to precipitate war; that, notwithstanding all the complications, they thought that the long-prepared-for hour had come."—Page 92.)

Yet this book leaves on me a curious feeling of disappointment. It may be that I have been reading lately too much literature of the idealist extreme-left description, the type that, when a nation needs "healing," likes at once to resort to a Hermit or Prophet and utterly despises the regular practitioner. But I believe the truth is that, with the coming of middle age, I have, like many people, developed a great wish to be told the truth, even if it does not stir my emotions and is a little hard to follow; and Mr. Carpenter has had the happiness to remain young.

Where new facts are presented to him, indeed, he faces them fairly and reasons well. Witness his first two chapters, called "The Case for Germany" and "The Case against Germany." It is where he has a chance of falling back on some old passionate orthodoxy that he lapses. I mean, of course, an orthodoxy of his own; some simple revolutionary view that he has been in the habit of repeating on suitable occasions for thirty years or so.

For instance, he has a panacea for all our evils—a great sign of youth. Other persons have proposed to me other ways of preventing all future wars—*e.g.*, if we all learnt Esperanto, if we all became Theosophists, if we would simply allow Germany to save the world, if we extirpated or banished the Jews and then lived as Christ directed. Mr. Carpenter's panacea is "the general abandonment of the system of living on the labor of others. *There is no other way.*" Now, some people like to be told things of this sort; but, as a middle-aged man, I rather resent it. Because I really want to know what to do in order, as far as possible, to avoid war hereafter, and I feel that this is not telling me. First, I do not know what the advice means. It seems to be connected with the doctrine that "The peasant or agriculturist . . . is the one honest man in the community, the one man who creates not only his own food, but the food of others besides" (p. 139). Secondly, whatever it means, it evidently involves a complete and extremely difficult social revolution which must take place (more or less contemporaneously, I trust) in all the nations of Europe and the world. Now, I doubt if it would be very feasible to make all the nations of Europe accept any one Constitution, however well tried and successful—the American or the French or the German, for instance. How much more difficult to make them accept a Constitution which involves far greater changes and which no single nation can recommend from experience? Surely, if we really want to avoid future wars, there are other safer and easier methods which we can practise in the meantime.

Mr. Carpenter admits this point, and is ready to give us practical advice in the meantime (pp. 116, 120 ff). He starts, as one would expect, by a perfectly confident and indiscriminate "sweeping away." "When will the peoples themselves arise and put a stop to this fooling? . . . If the present-day diplomats and Foreign Ministers have sincerely striven for peace, then their utter incapacity and futility have been proved to the hilt, and they must be swept away. If they have not sincerely striven for peace, but only pretended to strive, then also they must be swept away." But suppose some did one and some did the other? Suppose, as Mr. Carpenter himself decided on page 92, two

immensely strong Powers were resolved on war and declared it, is everybody they declared war upon to be "swept away" as incompetent? The conclusion seems harsh. It has the intolerance of the outsider. It reminds me of a little Australian girl whom I once met at a public cricket match and who explained to me that the Captain of the M.C.C. was an absolute ass and could not play the simplest leg-ball.

However, Mr. Carpenter does not leave the matter there. He explains a few obvious reforms which he would make in the conduct of foreign policy. "If our rulers and representatives really seek peace, here is the obvious way to ensue and secure it—namely, by making political friends of those in all countries who desire peace and are already stretching hands of amity towards each other." The context shows that this means the Socialist and International Labor Parties. Now, of course, I sympathize with these Parties. Let us outsiders show our sympathies and cultivate friendship with them; let even the Government, in a prudent way, show them any degree of benevolence that is safe. But, Heaven help us! are we told that the way to avoid war is for the British Government to establish a political friendship with those parties in Germany and Russia which are trying to overthrow their own Governments? It is seldom discreet for a Government to make a special bond with one particular party in a foreign country. But with the Socialists in Germany or Russia . . . well, I cannot see that it would "obviously" lead to peace. It may, of course, be our duty to contract an alliance with Russian revolutionaries. That is another question. But, if our duty, it can only be so on bold Palmerstonian grounds, because, war or no war, we mean to champion the oppressed. If this is Mr. Carpenter's first proposal for the reform of foreign politics, I really feel bound to prefer Sir Edward Grey.

The next reform is less dangerous, but more quaint. "We must at least do away with the one-man-Secretary system, and have in his place a large and responsible committee, representative not of any one party or class, but, as far as possible, of the whole people." Now, if this committee were a Parliamentary committee in addition to the Secretary, a committee representative of the House of Commons as a whole, to be consulted confidentially on certain matters where some action was necessary and complete publicity undesirable, such a scheme, though attended with many difficulties, would at least be deserving of careful consideration. But Mr. Carpenter's committee is "in place of" the Secretary. And drawn from all parties! And, if possible, from all classes! Not the Cabinet, of course; that we have already. Nor even a committee whose views harmonized with those of the Cabinet. For instance, if the Labor Party was in power, they could take no steps in foreign policy except under direction of a committee representing all possible mixed views, including, let us say, Lord Milner, Mr. Amery, Mr. Keir Hardie, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Redmond, several agricultural laborers, of course, a licensed victualler, a manufacturer of war materials, and other diverse persons. Imagine such a body confronted, I will not say by a situation like that which arose last July, but by any situation at all. I cannot help thinking that I would sooner leave foreign politics in the hands of the Labor Government itself . . . or of a Liberal Government, or of a Tory Government. And I should implore them, with all possible speed, if they did not like Sir Edward Grey, to appoint Lord Lansdowne, or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, or any other reasonable person, as the "one-man-Secretary."

I hope I do not seem to be carping at particular conclusions, on which, very likely, Mr. Carpenter lays no great stress. What I wish to complain of is the whole spirit of his political writing. It is a spirit only too prevalent already, especially, I fear, in just those circles whose influence might be most valuable, if only they would practise a little more *Sophrosyné*.

Part of the trouble comes from a deliberate confusion of standards. Massacring non-combatants is cruel; but so is docking a puppy's ears. Therefore the man who docks a puppy's ears has no right to condemn the massacring of non-combatants. One is as bad as the other. Mr. Carpenter, for instance, denounces war in language with which we should all agree. But then he goes on to doubt whether

it is "really worse" than using railways and mines and workshops, which involve "daily and yearly slaughter." That does not seem to me a sensible doubt (p. 126). He also considers that England is such a pariah among nations that she has no right to feel or express disapproval of the crimes of others. And the reasons for this outlawry? One expects to find that Sir Edward Grey committed, in disguise, the Armenian massacres. But no; the grounds are three. First, she "assisted at the dismemberment of Persia"; next, she "is even now allowing Russia to cross neutral territory in the neighborhood of Tabriz in order to attack Turkey"; thirdly, she has "uttered no word of protest against the recent ukase" about Finland. The first point is complicated and controversial; let us for the moment grant it to Mr. Carpenter as a serious flaw in British policy. But for the other two, does Mr. Carpenter seriously propose that, in the midst of the present war, we should have declared war on Russia for either of these causes? Or, short of declaring war, made a public breach with our ally? If he does not, why does he denounce the Government for agreeing with him? And, short of a public breach, how does he know what line of pressure our Government has taken with its ally on these or other points? And has he really inquired into the circumstances of the Russian march in the neighborhood of Tabriz? No; if a stray dog was accused of rabies, I am sure Mr. Carpenter would make the most painstaking inquiry before he consented to have him shot; but when it is only the character of a public man, or a nation, that is at stake, he hardly cares. We may damn them out of hand. He is as ready to believe evil of the British Government as the ordinary vulgar Jingo is of the Germans.

It seems to me a melancholy thing, if not even a disaster to humanity, this tendency among so many of those who might help to keep our politics upright and progressive to waste their forces in wind-beating or in mere mischief. Mr. Carpenter is by no means the worst of such erring idealists; but he might be so helpful! That is why I cannot help writing rather unkindly of him.

GILBERT MURRAY.

HUGH BENSON.

"Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

I MET him first at Mirfield, when he was a member and I was a visitor to that remarkable body of men which the present Bishop of Oxford had gathered round him to experiment in community life in the Anglican Church. I must confess that then I found nothing particularly interesting about him. He had done no work, and taken a wretched degree, at Cambridge. He was overshadowed by men of dominant personality. And the only noteworthy memories are of a certain graciousness and charm which he always carried about him, and of his willingness to take violent physical exercise in a disused stable converted into a squash racquet court. He certainly gave no kind of indication then that he would develop into one of the most interesting and original of novelists, one of the first of living preachers, and one of the most brilliant and incisive lecturers and speakers upon the current courses of the world.

For he had more than a touch of genius; but, as this fascinating study of a man's development by a brother who knew and loved him shows, it was late in developing, and developed conspicuously towards the close. And although the tone in this book is brave and resolute with the general assertion that there is nothing here for tears, one cannot but be impressed with the tragedy of this death, at the age of forty-two, when every year was revealing fresh powers and a securer grasp upon the work which he could accomplish. It was literally a wearing-out of a man who refused to take rest, and drove his body forward until the machinery of it broke to pieces. "Could it have been avoided?" Mr. Benson asked of the Doctor when all was over. "Well, in one sense, yes," was the reply. "If he had worked less, rested more, taken things more easily, he might have lived longer. He had a great vitality; but most people die of being themselves; and we must all live as we are made to live." He

put the work of a month into a week; but he could not have lived doing otherwise.

His character remains something of a paradox. He lived for a time in community life; but it was the hermit, not the monk, which was his real attraction, and before he died he had created in Hertfordshire something like a hermitage, in which he lies buried to-day. He loved solitude, and (like Newman) was, as his brother declares, essentially solitary in mind. "When I am alone," he wrote, "I am at my best; and at my worst in company. I am happy and capable in loneliness; unhappy, distracted, and ineffective in company." Yet as a matter of fact, "in company" he could be not only clever, but brilliant, sweeping into admiration men who disliked his religion and disbelieved in his fundamentals of belief. Less than a year ago I remember his delivering to a certain gathering an after-dinner address on modern fiction, in which he dealt with the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and others, in such a fashion as to make some who heard it declare it the most brilliant after-dinner speech to which they had ever listened. In similar paradoxical fashion he was, as his brother here testifies, a reckless, defiant controversialist, saying sarcastic and wounding things, and things which he knew must wound. Yet he possessed, as all who knew him would testify, an "eager and winning sort of courtesy, which grew and increased every year," and agreed in thinking rudeness of any kind to be, not a mannerism, but a deadly sin.

There was little of the saint and nothing of the ascetic about him. He liked comfort, and strove to attain it at Hare Street, not without a measure of success. He smoked interminable numbers of cigarettes. He was impatient of boredom and dullness. "He was intent," says his brother, "on a vital enjoyment of life in all its aspects." He looked very carefully after his financial interests, and made clever bargains with his publishers. Yet he had become the priest of a Church, deliberately severing ties of friendship, and abandoning a great religious institution to which he was pledged by no ordinary connection, which turned the minds of its adherents to quite other instincts and ideals. And beside the "immense enjoyment of it all" which Mr. Benson notes, together with the lack of self-conquest and of patience, was that mystical element in him "for ever," as his brother notes, "reaching out in search of some Divine essence in the world."

Outside this detachment from human affairs, his interest was all with the individual. He conducted an immense correspondence with those who had difficulties in the business of life, and proved exceedingly helpful to many who had brought their lives to ruin. Outside the individual he seemed to have had very little concern at all. "I do not think," is his brother's remarkable testimony, "that Hugh had ever any real interest in Social Reform, in politics, in causes, in the institutions which aim at the consolidation of human endeavor and sympathy." Even in the case of the individual, it was largely the gift of the transitory human intercourses, human affection, received not ungratefully; but if interrupted or terminated, an absence of vain regret, and a passing on to other fields of activities, other friendships, and intercourses. He attracted friendship more than he gave. He never needed anyone—even as a child. He never looked back. In his death, of which Mr. Benson gives a most moving description, there appeared to the observer "a real adventurousness"—absolutely no fear; a making haste, at the last, to die and be gone straight from one finished task to another; "the eager transit of a soldier to another part of the field."

The reasons which led Hugh Benson to pass from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Communion, which are lightly discussed in this volume, and which he himself has partially explained in his published utterances, belong to the region of theological polemics. His immense labors for the Church which he joined, his lecturing and preaching tours in America and in Rome, and his specifically religious writings, also belong to the life which will be written of him by a member of his own religion. His novels belong to a more general public. I think Mr. Benson is inclined too much to depreciate them. They were written too hastily and bear the marks of that haste about them. They were too much inclined to become material for propagandist purposes. They omitted great elements of human nature.

Yet there was almost always a distinction of style about them, and in some of them an originality of thought and idea which lifted them out of the mass of second-class fiction. I remember, after reading "The Lord of the World," with its tremendous and sweeping vision of such an "Anti-Christ" as that of Signorelli in Orvieto Cathedral, producing by force an entirely moral, socially reformed, non-religious world, I gave an order for all Hugh Benson's novels which I could obtain. And although his country-house plots, and even his occasional dips into the underworld, were nothing like so impressive as those books in which he allowed his imagination full scope in a large theatre, yet I always found some entertainment and attraction from them, and a sense that they were on a high plane of workmanship. I believe that if he had lived he might have advanced into the very front rank of novelists. He was enjoying his writing more and more. "Writing seems to me now the only thing worth doing in the world," he was writing to his brother towards the end. I think a too self-conscious effort of propagandism which exasperated many reviewers and readers, and a too furious sense of haste and hurry—for he wrote largely to get money and to get it quickly—would have vanished before the unfolding of a genius extraordinarily delayed in development. And the result might have been the production, had he lived (say) to the age of fifty, of some permanent contribution to English literature.

All such hopes are now ended; and they were ended with a startling suddenness which even when the ruinous havoc of war had half-numbed all sense of longing and regret, still left its peculiar feeling of tragic loss. He had been enormously moved in his feverish, impetuous fashion by the war; had tried to get out to the front as a chaplain, and been rejected on grounds of health; had then sought other ways of helping his country. Last September he was writing to me suggesting that he might be "some small use" in putting the British case before Catholics abroad who had been prejudiced against us. "If it was thought I could be of any use I would gladly do all I could"—"I ought to know," he added, "if my services were required as soon as possible, as I have an enormous number of engagements over here that would have to be cancelled." "I daresay this is a foolish suggestion of mine," he concluded, "but I thought it just worth while making, as I would do anything in my power to help." But a little more than a month later, he was dead.

C. F. G. M.

THE POET'S FURY.

"The Theory of Poetry in England: Its Development in Doctrines and Ideas from the Sixteenth Century to the Nineteenth Century." By R. P. COWL. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD once advised people who wanted to know what was good poetry not to trouble themselves with definitions of poetry, but to learn by heart passages, or even single lines, from the works of the great poets, and to apply these as touchstones. Certainly a book like this of Mr. Cowl's, which aims at giving us a representative selection of the theoretical things which were said in England about poetry between the time of Elizabeth and the time of Victoria, makes one wonder at the barrenness of men's thoughts about so fruitful a world as that of the poets. Mr. Cowl's book, we may say at once, is not intended to be read as an anthology of fine things. Its value is not that of a book of golden thoughts. It is an ordered selection of documents chosen, not for their beauty, but simply for their use as milestones in the progress of English poetic theory. It is a work, not of literature, but of literary history; and students of literary history are under a deep debt of gratitude to the author for bringing together and arranging the documents of the subject in so convenient and lucid a form. The arrangement is under subjects, and chronological. There are forty-one pages on the theory of poetic creation, beginning with George Gascoigne and ending with Matthew Arnold. These are followed by a few pages of representative passages about poetry as an imitative art, the first of the authors quoted being Roger Ascham and the last F. W. H.

Myers. The book is divided into twelve sections of this kind, some of which have a tendency to overlap. Thus, in addition to the section on poetry as an imitative art, we have a section on imitation of nature, another on external nature, and another on imitation. Imitation, in the last of these, it is true, means for the most part imitation of the ancients, as in the sentence in which Thomas Rymer urged the seventeenth-century dramatists to imitate Attic tragedy even to the point of introducing the chorus.

Mr. Cowl's book is interesting, however, less on account of the sections and subsections into which it is divided than because of the manner in which it enables us to follow the flight of English poetry from the romanticism of the Elizabethans to the neo-classicism of the eighteenth century, and from this on to the romanticism of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and from this to a newer neo-classicism whose prophet was Matthew Arnold. There is not much of poetry captured in these cold-blooded criticisms, but still the shadow of the poetry of his time occasionally falls on the critic's formulae and aphorisms. How excellently Sir Philip Sidney expresses the truth that the poet does not imitate the world, but creates a world, in his observation that Nature's world "is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden!" This, however, is a fine saying rather than an interpretation. It has no importance as a contribution to the theory of poetry to compare with a passage like that so often quoted from Wordsworth's preface to "Lyrical Ballads":—

"I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotions recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind."

As a theory of poetic creation this may not apply universally. But what a flood of light it throws on the creative genius of Wordsworth himself! How rich in psychological insight it is, for instance, compared with Dryden's comparable reference to the part played by the memory in poetry:—

"The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet . . . is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after."

As a matter of fact few of these generalizations carry one far. Ben Jonson revealed more of the secret of poetry when he said simply: "It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth." So did Edgar Allan Poe, when he said: "It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above." Coleridge, again, initiates us into the secrets of the poetic imagination when he speaks of it as something which—

"combining many circumstances into one moment of consciousness, tends to produce that ultimate end of all human thought and human feeling, unity, and thereby the reduction of the spirit to its principle and fountain, which is alone truly one."

On the other hand, the most dreadful thing that was ever written about poetry was also written by Coleridge, and is repeated in Mr. Cowl's book:—

"How excellently the German *Einbildungskraft* expresses this prime and loftiest faculty, the power of co-adunation, the faculty that forms the many into one—*Einbildung!* Eisenoplasy, or esenoplatic power, is contradistinguished from fantasy, either catoptric or metoptric—repeating simply, or by transposition—and, again, involuntary [fantasy] as in dreams, or by an act of the will."

The meaning is simple enough: it is much the same as that of the preceding paragraph. But was there ever a passage written suggesting more forcibly how much easier it is to explain poetry by writing it than by writing about it?

Mr. Cowl's book makes it clear that fiercely as the critics may dispute about poetry, they are practically all agreed on at least one point—that it is an imitation. The schools have differed less over the question whether it is an imitation than over the question how, in a discussion on the nature of poetry, the word "imitation" must be qualified. Obviously, the poet must imitate something—either what he sees in nature, or what he sees in memory, or what he sees in other

poets, or what he sees in his soul, or it may be, all together. There arise schools every now and then—classicists, Parnassians, realists, and so forth—who believe in imitation, but will not allow it to be a free imitation of things seen in the imaginative world. In the result their work is no true imitation of life. Pope's poetry is not as true an imitation of life as Shakespeare's. Nor is Zola's, for all its fidelity, as close an imitation of life as Victor Hugo's. Poetry, or prose either, without romance, without liberation, can never rise above the second order. The poet must be faithful, not only to his subject, but to his soul. Poe defined art as the "reproduction of what the senses perceive in nature through the veil of the soul," and this, though like most definitions of art, incomplete, is true in so far as it reminds us that art at its greatest is the statement of a personal and ideal vision. That is why the reverence of rules in the arts is so dangerous. It puts the standards of poetry, not in the hands of the poet, but in the hands of the grammarians. It is a Procrustes' bed which mutilates the poet's vision. Luckily, England has always been a rather lawless country, and we find even Pope insisting that "to judge . . . of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules is like trying a man by the laws of one country who acted under those of another." Dennis might cry: "Poetry is either an art or whimsy and fanaticism. . . . The great design of the arts is to restore the decays that happened to human nature by the fall, by restoring order." But, on the whole, the English poets and critics have realized the truth that it is not an order imposed from without, but an order imposed from within at which the poet must aim. He aims at bringing order into chaos, but that does not mean that he aims at bringing Aristotle into chaos. He is, in a sense, "beyond good and evil," so far as the orthodoxies of form are concerned. Coleridge put the matter in a nutshell when he remarked that the mistake of the formal critics who condemned Shakespeare as "a sort of African nature, rich in beautiful monsters," lay "in the confounding mechanical regularity with organic form." And he states the whole duty of poets as regards form in another sentence in the same lecture:—

"As it must not, so genius cannot, be lawless; for it is even this that constitutes its genius—the power of acting creatively under laws of its own origination."

Mr. Cowl enables us to follow, as in no other book we know, the endless quarrel between romance and the rules, between the spirit and the letter, among the English authorities on poetry. It is a quarrel which will obviously never be finally settled in any country. The mechanical theory is a necessary reaction against romance that has decayed into windiness, extravagance, and incoherence. It brings the poets back to literature again. The romantic theory, on the other hand, is necessary as a reminder that the poet must offer to the world, not a formula, but a vision. It brings the poets back to nature again. No one but a Dennis, we imagine, will hesitate an instant in deciding which of the theories is the more importantly and eternally true one.

SIDELIGHTS ON OUR HISTORY.

"English Economic History." Select Documents, Compiled and Edited by A. E. BLAND, P. A. BROWN, and R. H. TAWNEY. (Bell. 6s. net.)

THE authors of this book have rendered a most important service to all teachers and students of economic history in the widest sense of that term. They have put together in this volume a selection of documents to illustrate English economic history from the Norman Conquest to the Repeal of the Corn Laws. To compile such a collection requires not only immense industry and a wide knowledge, but also a feeling for all that is characteristic and human in the documents of different ages. Readers of Mr. Tawney's "Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century" will know that he has the power of making a living and finished picture from the difficult and awkward material that a historian breaking new ground in economic study has to handle, and they will not be surprised to find that this book has been composed with a careful eye to the salient and significant records. Mr. Brown and Mr. Bland, like Mr. Tawney, are not only students, but very effective teachers of history in the

Workers' Educational Association, and this experience is invaluable for such a work as this. The result is a book which ought to be on the shelves of every school library, for it will aid and supplement the teaching of history in the most telling manner, and give to many a boy a sense that history is concerned with the lives and fortunes of men and women, and not merely with the great affairs of State. And as the study of economic history develops and the importance of understanding the processes from which our modern conditions have emerged receives wider recognition this book will be felt to be indispensable by those who want to follow the industrial and social changes with the aid of the actual documents that explain and record them.

The authors divide their book into three parts, the first covering the period from 1066-1485, the second from 1485-1660, and the third from 1660-1846. Each period is broken up into sections, the documents for the period being arranged under six or seven heads. Thus, in the first period there is a section dealing with the treatment of the Jews; an important social question then in England as it still is in some countries to-day. Two documents in this section illustrate their position as the King's personal property, the restrictions put on their religious and social life, the summary method of expulsion if they failed to fulfil their function. "The King to the Sheriff of Kent: Know that we caused to be assessed before us upon Salle, a Jew, a tallage . . . and because the same Jew rendered not his tallage on the said day, and on the same day received a command on our behalf . . . that within three days after the aforesaid Wednesday he should make his way to the Port of Dover to go forth there with his wife, and never to return." Another document begins: "Whereas we have given and granted to Edmond, our dearest son, Aaron, son of Vives, a Jew of London, with all his goods and chattels and other things which may pertain to us touching the aforesaid Jew." In this section some eight documents, with a brief and illuminating little introduction, give a real picture of a most important social aspect of the history of the thirteenth century. We give this as an illustration of the way in which documents are used to bring out the essential conditions of the time.

If, again, we want to study such a subject as the regulation of prices, we shall turn to the documents on the licensing of "Badgers" (the picturesque name given to dealers in corn) in the seventeenth century ("This Court taking notice of the great prices of corn and butter and cheese and all other commodities, it was ordered that from henceforth no badger whatsoever be licensed but in open session"), and to the documents describing the proceedings against engrossers. There is an interesting judgment in the Star Chamber in 1631, with a speech by Laud, who said of the accused that he "was guilty of a most foul offence, which the Prophet hath in a very energetical phrase, 'grinding the faces of the poor.' He commended highly that speech of Justice Harvey that this last year's famine was made by man and not by God. . . ." The section on Government regulation of wages, conditions of employment, and public health in the third period is very full. It opens with an Act against Truck of 1701, and gives a Warwickshire wages assessment of 1738. Some of the documents are Acts of Parliament, some reports of Commissions and Committees, some petitions, and some reports of debates. A specially interesting document in this selection is Oastler's first letter on Yorkshire slavery in 1830. We get again a very full picture of agrarian life, with petitions against enclosures, the history of the procedure, important criticisms, the Speenhamland debate and decision, the workhouse system in 1797 (taken from Eden), and a description of the Roundsman system, taken from the Agricultural Surveys. Thus the book is full of interest, not merely to students, but for all who care about the history of their country and want to know what that history can teach them in regard to experiments in social legislation.

EUROPE BEFORE THE WAR.

"The New Map of Europe, 1911-1914: A Study of Contemporary European National Movements and Wars." By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

THE real theme of Dr. Gibbons's rapid and brilliant survey of European politics from 1911 to 1914 is the aggressive

expansion of the German Power and its reaction on the evolution of nationalist movements, more especially in South-Eastern Europe. It may be illustrated in a sentence which explains the German design of "penetrating" Turkey through Constantinople. "Through allying herself with the Khalif, Germany would find herself able to strike eventually at the British occupation of India and Egypt, and the French occupation of Algeria and Tunis, not only by joining the interests of Pan-Islamism and Pan-Germanism, but also by occupying a place in Morocco opposite Gibraltar, a place in Asia Minor opposite Egypt, and a place in Mesopotamia opposite India." This is a wide programme, and Dr. Gibbons's exposition of it is uncompromising. He is convinced that it and the war, which was its fruit, were the work, not of the bureaucracy, but were "intelligently and deliberately willed" by the people, who at critical periods forced the hands of their rulers. But he is a detached writer. He thinks that in spite of Germany's oppression of Prussian Poland, and her domineering absolutism in the Reichsland, the earlier Anglo-Russian policy of leaving her "out in the cold" in the East and the Far East has reacted disastrously on the European situation. And he considers that her exclusion from Persia spells economic stagnation for that country, just as the material and political difficulties in the way of German expansion have turned her thoughts "to intensive military development at home and extensive commercial development abroad." Dr. Gibbons gives, we think, insufficient weight to the large modifications in this policy which Sir Edward Grey initiated in 1912 onwards.

The second part of Dr. Gibbons's theme is the defeat of nationalist aspirations, largely by Austro-German policy. In this view the great European disease has been baffled irredentism. In the Balkans the symptoms of the disease are evident. "The irredentism of the Balkan States has led, first, to their war with Turkey; second, to their war with each other; and third, to Serbia becoming the direct cause of the European war. The aspirations of none have been satisfied." But behind these repressed passions and tendencies has lain a still wider seed-bed of discontent, to which Dr. Gibbons applies the following suggestive generalization. The unrest in Europe is due, he considers, to five grand causes: (1) The desire of nations to get back what they have lost—e.g., France and Alsace-Lorraine; (2) their desire to expand racially—e.g., the Balkan States and Italy; (3) their desire to expand commercially and politically—e.g., Germany in her *Weltpolitik*; (4) their desire to prevent the expansion of others—e.g., Great Britain and Russia; and (5) their desire to stamp out nationalism—e.g., Austria-Hungary and Turkey. The ablest and closest work in the book is that which tells the story of the Young Turks and their ruinous treatment of the Albanian, Macedonian, Arabian, and Cretan problems. It is illustrated by close and fresh observation of the facts, and the men who have had chiefly to do with their development. The book is indispensable to politicians and students of the war and the European situation which produced it. It should be read in connection with Mr. Toynbee's more elaborate and more constructive work, entitled, "Nationality and the War."

POOR FOLK.

"**Pelle the Conqueror.**" Translated from the Danish of M. A. NEXØ, by BERNARD MIALL. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

"**The Rat Pit.**" By PATRICK MACGILL. (Jenkins. 6s.)

THOSE of our readers who have not yet made acquaintance with the work of the Danish author, Nexø, should send for Part I. of "*Pelle the Conqueror*," in which he paints a most vigorous picture of peasant and farm life in the island of Bornholm. The volume ended with little Pelle, the farm-lad, determining to try his luck in the great world, and in Part II., "*Apprenticeship*," we find the boy on the road to the big harbor town, where he is taken on at the workshop of the shoemaker, Master Jeppe Kofod. Here he is bullied and persecuted by the journeymen of that cynical ancient, who sings the praises of the brutal old times when shoemaking was a craft indeed, and when

apprentices got up at four in the morning or were made to taste of the knee strap. But the young master, Andres, who is dying of consumption, stands the lad's friend, and Pelle soon finds his footing and is sent on errands all over the town, fetching and carrying for the workshop. The fresh actuality of the working-class atmosphere is conveyed by these recurring meetings and gossipings of the neighbors over one another's daily affairs and family circumstances. There is Tailor Bjerregrav, limping on his crutch, with his love for attending funerals; and Baker Jörgen, whose weakling son, Sören, cannot make love to the strapping Marie, and so tempts the old man, who wants an heir, to sin; likewise we get to hear of the domestic troubles of the pious bookbinder and his wife, who go together to chapel, but are always fighting at home; and of the Swedish skipper's wife, who is taken in childbirth when at sea and is delivered by the cook. Then there is the workshop itself, with people exchanging passing tales of the great world overseas, where Garibaldi, the wandering shoemaker, and the troupe of actors and the foreign sailors hail from.

There is, indeed, a spirit of unrest in this seaport town, due to the passing of emigrants to Germany and America, and to the fishermen who arrive in the spring and go out to the Baltic, and everybody has in secret the dream of going to the capital,* to Copenhagen, where fortune and happiness are surely to be found. But, in fact, very few of the townsfolk are prosperous or contented. Times are bad, and there is so little money going that old Jeppe says epigrammatically that there are only ten kroner in the town, which circulate quickly from hand to hand. From the small shopkeeper downwards, poverty weighs on the workers, and only the separate caste of big folks, such as Shipowner Monsen, who has made his fortune by sending heavily-insured rotten ships to sea, and taking the bread out of the mouths of the widow and orphan, can boast of their money. As the old peasant, Klaus, puts it: "Everything goes into the town, but what comes out of it? Just manure and nothing else." The town is a gnawing place; it is full of poor people who have come to it with hope, and then, after all their labor, have slowly sunk into wretchedness, and nothing has come of all their good intentions.

What gives the novel its remarkable depth and lifelike feeling of the shifting fates in human affairs, is, above all, the touching sketches of poor folks' family tragedies. The most bitter is that of Stonecutter Jorgenson, the engineering genius who defies the power of big folks and so brings himself and his family to beggary. Most pathetic, also, is the story of old Lasse's failure and bankruptcy after putting all his savings and years of his life into bringing the barren upland farm he rents into cultivation. Just as he is succeeding, after incredible toil, his wife, poor Karna, overstrains herself and dies, and Lasse, overtaxed and growing frail, sees the land he has spent himself on passing into a rich farmer's possession. "We, poor lice, have prepared the way for him. What else were we there for?" the old man says, bursting into tears. It is the moral of the story, so far as there is a moral. If the poor folk could only make a stand together! Then, as Bergendal explains to his mates, "it would be seen that collective poverty is what makes the wealth of the others"; but the working-man is jealous of his fellow's success, and suspicious of his own leaders. So Part II. ends with young Pelle, still full of energy and youthful hope, turning his back on the harbor town and setting off to make his fortune on the mainland, while old Lasse bids him good-bye, saying bitterly, "Those who start on the pilgrimage must die in the desert. But for that reason we are God's chosen people, we poor folk."

Although the greater part of "*The Rat Pit*" is in the nature of a replica of "*The Children of the Dead End*," and few fresh characters are introduced to us, everybody should welcome it for the picturesque satiric force of its scenes of North of Ireland peasant life, and of outcasts, unfortunates, and "the submerged tenth" in the slums of Glasgow. The first ten chapters sketch with amazing freshness the old-world outlook of the Donegal crofters of Frosses and Glenmornan, who supplement the scanty yield of their potato patches and cornfields with fishing and knitting stockings for the merchants in the neighboring town. The

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As citizens of this great Empire we one and all owe a debt of gratitude to those brave soldiers and sailors of our Motherland and Overseas Dominions who have died on the Field of Glory whilst fighting the enemies of our beloved country. What we owe them cannot possibly be better repaid than by taking under our wing their fatherless boys, educating and training them for the career in which their fathers met their glorious end. With this end in view an option has been taken up by Mr. J. D. Elmore, of 49, Old Bond Street, W., on the famous old wooden ship "Britannia," on which His Majesty the King commenced his training, as well as nearly every officer of our Grand Fleet. Subscriptions are now required for the purpose of completing the purchase and save the famous ship from being broken up, and to use it as a Training Ship. Everyone who reads this appeal is cordially invited to send a donation, however small, to the Fund which has been opened at the London and South Western Bank, Charing Cross, and for which Mr. J. D. Elmore has consented to act as Hon. Secretary.

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"TRUTH" says: "Seeing what the country owes to the race of men who were reared in the old Dartmouth hulk, and to the fathers whose sons it is thus hoped to provide for, the project should meet with ample support."

**SEND
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chapter that recounts the distressful journey of the girsha, Norah Ryan, in a company of aged women, to Greenanore to procure yarn from "the pillar of the Church," the grasping Farley McKeoun, is eloquent of the helplessness of these poor folk. They miss the tide, and pass the night on the rocks, after being turned away empty-handed by the merchant in his tyrannical caprice. The satirical sketch of the mean cupidity of Father Devaney, the parish priest, who, not content with the "offerings" he squeezes from his flock at every turn, lays a special tax on the parish wherewith to build himself a fine mansion, reminds us of Potapenko's stories of extortionate Russian priests. The author strains our credulity a little, but the scenes of Norah's schooling, of her parents' struggle to find their children bread, of her brother's revolt against his narrow lot, and of his migration to Liverpool, where he becomes a docker, all these have a convincing, autobiographic air. After her father is drowned at sea, Norah, too, leaves home, and goes "beyond the water" with Micky Jim's potato-digging squad.

The portion of the narrative that sets forth the brutalizing experiences of wandering field-hands on Scottish farms is a repetition of like scenes in "Children of the Dead End," but the author has elaborated the story of Norah's seduction by Alec Morrison, the rich farmer's son. To avoid the suspicion of socialistic propaganda, the author endows the seducer with "advanced" progressive ideas, and there is biting humor in the scene where Norah awakes in the pig-stye that shelters her, and confronts her faithless lover and his fiancée, Ellen Keenans, who is working to remedy social evils and renovate modern society. Of course, the shock is too much for the middle-class lady, and poor Norah, after being tempted to do away with herself, seeks refuge in "The Rat Pit," a Glasgow lodging-house for women of the lowest class. Truth to say, the value of this document of the suffering, exploitation, and debasement of slum-dwellers lies less in Norah's particular tragedy than in the life histories of the unfortunates, Sheila, Old Meg, and Gourock Ellen, who, by their fault or their misfortune, have slipped under the wheels of the pitiless industrial machine, and are working as rag-sorters or seamstresses at starvation wages. Poor Norah, befriended by these outcasts and pariahs, cannot keep herself and her baby on a shilling a week, and soon finds that the only way to make "guid siller" is to walk the streets. If the story of her illness and death does not touch us as deeply as the author designs, it is because he has buttressed it with some adventitious, unlikely episodes, such as the scene of the arrival of her sailor brother one night, and his drunken horror at finding his sister a prostitute. Such blemishes, however, though they lessen the artistic strength, do not impair the spiritual truth of this delineation of the oppression, misery, and brutalizing environment of the dwellers in the underworld. One views the outcast and the unfortunate through the eyes of their fellows, and for this reason alone, "The Rat Pit" takes a place of its own in contemporary literature.

The Week in the City.

THE boom in Wall Street, beginning, it is said, with those American Industrial Corporations which are profiting by war orders for the Allies, has become quite an important

movement. At the beginning of the war German and Continental holders sacrificed Canadian Pacifics, Union Pacifics, and many other American railroad securities at very low prices. British holders were less pressed, and now that the recovery has come, they are selling at very fair prices, in most cases well above end-of-July levels. The movement has saved many speculative bulls, who were holding securities for a rise when the war broke out. The selling of stocks to America is also helping the exchanges which were suffering from the want of exports to meet the heavy importations of food and raw material from the United States. Another interesting feature of the last few weeks has been Dutch buying of Hungarian securities upon the theory that Hungary is about to conclude a separate peace with Russia. There has been a good demand lately for Colonial Government securities. Whether these will look cheap this time next year depends, of course, upon the duration of the war. The new method of issuing Treasury bills seems to be working fairly well, and there has been some slight stiffening in money and discount rates.

THE POSITION OF BANK SHARES.

This week one or two Bank shares have hardened in price, though amid the attractions of rubbers and mines the movement has passed practically without notice. Bank shares form a group which, as a rule, attracts but little attention in Stock Exchange circles, but in this instance the buying seems to have started from within the charmed circles of the City, and the reasons for it are particularly sound. To analyse them, it is necessary to go back to the conditions which followed the war crisis of last August. Then the banks had to forego their right to sell securities deposited against Stock Exchange loans, and as the value of the securities was problematical during the time the Stock Exchange was closed, the banks ran a certain amount of risk of incurring bad debts if the securities proved ultimately to be realizable only at a loss. The great improvement in quotations since January, however, has resulted in a big reduction of the amount of old loans outstanding, for when a price reaches the level of July 27th the lender may call for the repayment of his money, or may dispose of the security. The easiness of money and the general progress towards liquefying the situation has enabled loans to be repaid, either partly or wholly, in cases where prices had not risen to the prescribed level. Hence the banks are by this time fairly well relieved of anxiety regarding the possibility of making bad debts to any extent on their Stock Exchange loans. Their bills have been taken care of by the Bank of England under Government guarantee, and though their opportunities of profit-earning are somewhat reduced just now, their resources have been so much increased that they can well afford to put some of their money into short-dated securities, which offer a better return than bills. Meanwhile, the shares of the leading banks give a good yield to the buyer. Lloyds return 5½ per cent., County and Westminster 5½ per cent., Capital and Counties a shade more, and Joint Stocks more than 6½ per cent., Barclay "B.s." giving a trifle less than this. The events of last August proved that a crisis big enough to make bank share proprietors anxious about uncalled liability is big enough to call for the assistance of the National Exchequer, and there is not much doubt that the buyer of bank shares at the present time will have little reason to regret his purchase.

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